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
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**Jamaica.**—This Coffee has been brought to a higher state of perfection than the Coffee of any other country. The best descriptions are particularly *strong and fine flavoured*, but there are a variety of qualities imported from this Island, and great care and judgment are necessary in the selection.—Price 1½d. to 2s. per pound.

**Ceylon.**—This is the most interesting and promising of all our Colonial Possessions. The cultivation of the Coffee-plant is rapidly extending, and some of the best qualities are already brought to a high state of perfection.—Price 9d. to 1s. 6d. per pound.

There are, in addition, importations of Coffee from Sumatra, Padang, Batavia, St. Domingo, Havannah, Brazil, Costa Rica, Berbice, Demerara, Dominica, Malabar, &c., too unimportant to describe, all of which, however, we supply.

THE ARTICLE OF COFFEE has for some years past attracted the attention both of the late and present GOVERNMENTS, their object being to benefit the public by introducing it at a cheaper rate.

MR. LABOUCHERE, the President of the Board of Trade in the late GOVERNMENT, devoted considerable time in endeavouring to alter the anomalous laws which existed in regard to COFFEE, but strong opposing interests at that period prevented him from carrying his good intentions into effect.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, with great determination, notwithstanding the powerful interests arrayed against him, at once REDUCED (in his celebrated Tariff) the duty on Foreign Coffees from 1s. 3d. to 8d. PER LB.; and THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in his financial statement during the present session, announced a further REDUCTION to 6d. PER LB. saying, "It is most important to extend the use of a BEVERAGE which is A GREAT LUXURY TO ALL CLASSES, and which, in addition, is found to supersede other beverages detrimental to health."

As the honour of being the FIRST to afford the Public the FULL BENEFIT of these philanthropic measures has fallen upon ourselves, we confidently call upon HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS, NOBLEMEN, STATESMEN, and all who desire to see the LIBERAL intentions of GOVERNMENT carried out, and who wish to enjoy, in its GREATEST PURITY, so NUTRITIOUS a beverage as COFFEE, to confer on us their valuable support.

Coffees.

	s. d.	s. d.
Common Coffee .....	0 9 to 1 0	per lb.
Ceylon, of various qualities ..	1 0 to 1 4	"
Java .....	1 1 to 1 6	"
Jamaica .....	0 11 to 2 0	"
MOCHA .....	1 5 to 2 0	"

(Particularly 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.)

We have dwelt thus particularly on Teas and Coffees, not because these articles will be pre-eminently distinguished for their goodness and cheapness beyond spices, &c., but as a mirror to show forth our system of business.

We have taken our Premises in the CENTRE of the World's great Metropolis; we have endeavoured in EVERY way to render them COMMODIOUS, CONVENIENT, and COMFORTABLE, but we shall at all times be obliged to any friend who will enable us to amend whatever may be amiss,—to right whatever may be wrong,—to rectify, alter, and improve, as may be thought desirable.

Our site, as before-mentioned, is NUMBER ONE, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, corner of Ludgate Street, a position with which all the inhabitants of this great City must be familiar, being also well known to the innumerable concourse of strangers who daily visit ST. PAUL'S, and whose patronage, *one and all*, we earnestly invite.

We anxiously solicit the NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, and the Public at large, in the COUNTRY as well as LONDON, to PROFIT by our undertaking; and we pledge ourselves that all communications shall receive our PROMPT and CAREFUL attention.

It now only remains for us to INVITE you, in return for having consulted your COMFORT, CONVENIENCE, and ADVANTAGE, to do us the favour of testing our assertions.

Your obedient Servants,

DAKIN & COMPANY.

Tea Merchants,

Number One, St. Paul's Churchyard.

\* \* \* Our Vans will deliver Teas, Coffees, &c. within 8 miles of St. Paul's in all directions.—June 17th, 1844.

SANDER & Co..

319 and 320, HOLBORN,

(CORNER OF SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, AND OPPOSITE GRAY'S INN GATE),

Have constantly on view the largest Stock in London of

TABLE GLASS, Plainly or Elegantly Cut; DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, AND TEA SERVICES AND TOILET SETS,

In China, Ironstone, and Earthenware; Ornamental China, Papier Maché and Iron Tea Trays; Chandeliers, Lustres, Argand, Solar, and Vesta Lamps; Hall Lanterns, stained or plain; Alabaster Figures, Vases, &c.

Parties favouring this Establishment with a visit, will obtain every information relative to Prices, and will not be importuned to make purchases.—Goods delivered in Town and at the Docks, Cartage Free.

## WORSDELL'S PILLS, BY JOHN KAYE.



IT is now an incontrovertible fact, that WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS, prepared by JOHN KAYE, Esq., Dalton Hall, near Huddersfield, have become the most extensively established Family Medicine of the present day. The high celebrity which these Pills have attained has arisen solely from the health-restoring properties which they possess. Their office is to purify the blood, drain the system of all impurities, open obstructions, free the passages for the healthy circulation of all the fluids, improve digestion, and go at once to the root of disease. Thousands upon thousands have been rendered convalescent by their use; and they are allowed to be the best antidote to sickness ever discovered; and, although powerful to conquer disease, yet so harmless to the system, in their operation, that a child of a day old, or an adult of a hundred years, may take them alike with perfect safety. From the extraordinary effects that have followed their use, we have no hesitation in saying (fearless of contradiction), that there never was a medicine, which for the short time it has been before the public, has wrought cures so numerous and striking; and it is gratifying to the proprietor that, according as the sale increases, so is an increased amount of health and happiness diffused.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. J. Banks, Liverpool, dated April 3rd, 1844.*

DEAR SIR,—I herewith forward the particulars of a few out of the many surprising cures which have been effected in Liverpool by means of your invaluable medicine.

Elizabeth Butterworth, 3, Richmond Street, Liverpool, was severely afflicted with Dropsy, brought on by a surfeit of cold. She was six months confined to her bed, and to such a degree was she afflicted, that her legs were as thick as her body, and her medical attendant stated he had no hopes of her recovery, except rest might produce a change. While in this state, one of your pamphlets was put into her hands, and after reading the cures, she resolved to give the medicine a trial. She commenced by taking seven pills a day, and increased one daily up to fourteen. She has now taken two boxes, and gratefully states that she is quite restored.

Mrs. Jones, No. 10, Concert Street, Liverpool, has for five months been afflicted with Inflammation of the Liver, accompanied with Dropsy. She had several medical attendants, from whom she derived little or no benefit, which caused her to entertain but little hope of ever recovering; but a friend of hers having derived great benefit from taking Worsdell's Pills, she resolved to give them a trial, and by taking only two boxes, to her own astonishment, and to that of those around her, she was perfectly restored, and desires that her case may be made public, for the benefit of others.

Mr. John Pugh, Smith's Place, M'Gee Street, Liverpool, was afflicted with a very sore leg, for which he tried Worsdell's Pills, and is happy in stating that they have effected a cure.

Mrs. Jones, 35, Barker Street, Liverpool, was so dreadfully afflicted with Rheumatic Fever, that she was quite incapable of moving either arms or legs. She had a medical gentleman attending her for seven weeks, without deriving any benefit therefrom. At length she was advised to try Worsdell's Pills, and by the use of two boxes, she wishes to inform the public that she is quite restored.

### IMPORTANT CAUTION.

This extraordinary medicine having effected cures so astonishing, and, consequently, caused a very extensive demand, certain unprincipled parties have attempted to palm upon the public, trash of their own compounding, under the like or similar name, likely to prove as injurious to the system as the genuine medicine is beneficial. The proprietor, therefore, feels it his duty to caution the public against being thus imposed upon, by respectfully reminding them that Worsdell's Pills are prepared only by JOHN KAYE, whose name is on the Government Stamp, and also a fac-simile of his signature on the list of Agents, wrapped round each box. Thus—

Sold in London, at the Depot, 44, Coleman-street; Hannay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; Hallet, 83, High Holborn; Johnstone, 68, Cornhill; Brittain, 11, Paternoster-row; King, 232, Blackfriars'-road; Dordon and Co., 38, Blackman-street, Southwark; Pratt and Co., 29, Little Newport-street; Metcalfe, 16, Crown-street, Walworth-road; Eade, 39, Goswell-street; Griffiths, 21, Clerkenwell-green.

*Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per Box.*

For the convenience of those who cannot obtain the Pills in their immediate neighbourhood, we shall be happy to forward, from our Wholesale Depot in London, by post, and free of expense, a single Box, on the receipt of 1s. 2d. in Postage Stamps; or the larger Box, on receiving 2s. 9d. in Stamps. Direct KAYE'S WHOLESALE DEPOT, 44, Coleman-street, near the Bank, London.



# COMFORT IN A NIGHT-CAP!—

Gentlemen often complain of their inability to keep their caps on all night, which renders them liable to colds, deranges and is injurious to their hair, and soils the pillow. **POWELL'S TEMPLER CAP** (registered Act 6 and 7 Vic., No. 30), obviates these objections, keeps on during the night, keeps the hair smooth, and being uniform in substance, dispenses with the wad or roll occasioned by first pulling down and then turning up the old night-cap—confessedly the ugliest article a man wears. Fashioned from the coolest to the warmest material, it will prove an acquisition in travelling to invalids, and to those who wear wigs. Half-a-dozen franked to any part of the kingdom on receipt of a Post-office order for 7s. 6d.; for stout quality, 10s. 6d.; for medium, 13s. 6d.; and for fine, single caps, 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.; in silk, 5s. to 15s. Size of head should be sent, measured round forehead, and round the head, under the chin. The Lady's Templer Cap, as a *sortie de bal ou de l'Opéra*, or for travelling, is becoming, *gentil*, and most comfortable. Exchanged if not approved.

It may be as well to state, that this seemingly insignificant invention has furnished a new branch of industry to a poor but deserving class of framework knitters and others who work at their own homes, to whom employment (so much wanted) must be given, until the public is supplied.

Sold at the old-established Hosiery, Glove, and Shirt Warehouse, and Dépôt de Mode et d'Utilité, 102, New Bond-street.

## NEW PATENTS.

### BROCKEDON'S IMPROVED

**STOPPERS.**—This important Invention, a Substitute for CORKS and BUNGS, has, by new and great improvements, become a pure, imperishable, and perfect means of preserving, for any length of time, Wine, Beer, Spirits, &c. They are cheap and easily applied, and the appearance which they now have of fine Cork has removed the prejudice against their former dark colour. Also **DECANTER STOPPERS**, to keep Wine which is in daily use in perfect condition.—C. MACINTOSH & Co., 19, Walbrook, London, and 22, York-street, Manchester.

## SUMMER.

Exposure to the scorching rays of the SUN, at this period of the year, produces upon the delicate skin a species of inflammation which, upon subsiding, leaves a permanent stain of inveterate TAN, or sprinkles of FRECKLES; in other instances a discolouration inclining to REDNESS, or SWELLING—ultimately assuming one of the multitudinous forms of ERUPTION. The only efficacious preventive against these unpleasant liabilities of the SKIN and COMPLEXION is

### ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

A balmy, odoriferous, creamy liquid, composed of Oriental Balsamic Exotics, and perfectly free from all mineral admixture. It exerts the most *soothing, gentle, cooling, and purifying* action on the skin; and most effectually dissipates all REDNESS, TAN, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SPOTS, FRECKLES, and other Cutaneous Visitations. The radiant bloom it imparts to the CHEEK, and the softness and delicacy it induces on the HANDS, ARMS, and NECK, render it indispensable to every toilet.

It affords immediate relief in cases of *Sun-Burn, Stings of Insects, or incidental Inflammation*; and is invaluable as a *renovating and refreshing wash*, in Travelling during the heat and dust of Summer.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.

**CAUTION.**—Many Shopkeepers vend the most spurious trash under the title of "GENUINE KALYDOR," containing mineral astringents utterly ruinous to the Complexion, and by their repellent action endangering health. It is therefore imperative on purchasers to see that the words

"**ROWLAND'S KALYDOR**"

are on the Wrapper; and

**A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden,**

engraved (by Authority) on the Government Stamp affixed on each bottle.

Sold by them, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

\* \* \* All others are **FRAUDULENT COUNTERFEITS!**

**MR. CLARKE'S Enamelled Succedaneum**, for stopping Decayed Teeth, is far superior to anything ever before used, as it is placed in the tooth without any pressure or pain, and becomes as hard as the enamel, immediately after application, and remains firm in the tooth for life, rendering extraction unnecessary, and renders them again useful for mastication. Prepared only by **MR. CLARKE, Surgeon Dentist.**

### LOSS OF TEETH.

**MR. CLARKE** still continues to supply the loss of teeth, from one to a complete set, upon his beautiful system of self-adhesion, which has procured him such universal approbation in some thousands of cases, and recommended by numerous physicians and surgeons, as being the most ingenious system of supplying artificial teeth, hitherto invented. They are so contrived as to adapt themselves over the most tender gums, or remaining stumps, without causing the least pain, rendering the operation of extraction quite unnecessary. They are so fixed as to fasten any loose teeth, by forming a new gum, where the gums have shrunk, from the use of mercury or other causes, without the aid of any wire, or springs, and above all, are firmer in the mouth and fixed with that attention to nature as to defy detection by the closest observer. He also begs to invite those not liking to undergo any painful operation, as practised by most members of the profession, to inspect his painless yet effective system, where numerous sets and partial sets in all stages of progress, may be seen, and in order that his system may be within the reach of the most economical, he will continue the same moderate charges.

**MR. CLARKE, Surgeon Dentist**, at home from Ten till Five, No. 6, Thayer-street, Manchester-square.

## MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

**J. Inderwick & Co., 58, Princes Street, Leicester Square, London, and vis-à-vis La Sophien, Mosch, Constantinople, Proprietors** of the "Keff Kil" of the Crimea in Asia Minor, or better known as the Meerschaum Pits, of which those beautiful Smoking Pipes are made, called by the French "Ecume de Mer."

### MEERSCHAUM.

The above is a species of Mineral Earth, called by the Tartars "Keff Kil," found only in its pure state near Caffa, in the Peninsula of the Heracleate. The etymology of the name may be seen by a reference to "Meninski's Oriental Dictionary," and is derived from two Turkish words, which imply froth or foam of the sea. It may be interesting to know that the promontory over the steeps, where the finest quality of Meerschaum is found, is a wild and fearful scene, such as Shakspeare has described in his "Lear," a perpendicular and tremendous precipice, one of the loftiest of the Crimea, and terminates abruptly to the sea.

**J. Inderwick and Co.'s Excursion to the Peninsula.**—Some time after the capture of the Crimea by the Russians, J. I. and Co. were induced to visit the capital of the Crimea, which they found in a state of desolation. The melancholy devastations committed by the Russians would draw tears down the cheeks of the Tartars, and extort many a sigh from the Anatolian Turks, who resort to Caffa for commercial purposes, and cannot fail to excite the indignation of every enlightened people. During the time they remained at Caffa the soldiers were allowed to overthrow the beautiful mosques, pull down the minarets, tear up the public fountains, and destroy all the public aqueducts, for the sake of a small quantity of lead, and while the work of destruction was going on the officers were amusing themselves with beholding the mischief. Finding no hope of making any arrangement during Paul's reign, J. I. determined on sending his partner, who is a native of Balaclava in Tartary, together with a tribe consisting of Calmucks, Tartars, and Greeks, on a Syrian route in search of this scarce mineral. On their way they visited Jerusalem, the river Jordan, the Dead Sea, and other parts of the Holy Land, and found only one pit; but this, when analysed by an experimental chemist, was considered to contain a portion of Magnesia.

But having at length, by the interference of Royalty, gained permission to explore the pits of the Crimea, they beg most respectfully to assure their friends that they will receive a fresh supply every Three Months, of a superior quality not known in this country for the last Thirty Years, and at very low prices, running from Two Shillings to Five Guineas each. Warranted pure.

N.B. A profitable opportunity is now open to Merchants trading to China.



**CASTOR OIL.—H. TAYLOR,**  
Chemist, 10, Pall-mall, London, has prepared Castor Oil in a concentrated form, inclosed in Capsules of Gelatine; by which the disagreeable taste of this medicine is entirely avoided. Each Capsule is equal to a dessert-spoonful of Castor Oil. These are sold in boxes, containing twenty-four, at 2s. 6d. each, and can be procured of all respectable Chemists throughout the Kingdom.

### BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

**THE Thorn that veils the Primrose**  
from our view is not more invidious to Nature than superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck, or Arms of Beauty. For its removal, HUBERT'S ROSEATE POWDER stands pre-eminent. Beware of Counterfeits. The genuine has been signed G. H. HOGARD for the last 40 years. Sold for the Proprietor, by HOOPER, Chemist, 24, Russell-street, Covent Garden; and by most Perfumers and Medicine Vendors; Price 4s., or two in one Parcel, 7s.

*H. Walkers Needles*

H. WALKER'S  
Needles (by authority the "Queen's Own,") with the new large eyes, are easily threaded, (even by blind persons), and work with great ease having improved points, temper, and finish: they are made of every length or substance, and for every purpose: the labels are correct.



Weakness of Her Majesty, and his R. H. Prince Albert in relief on coloured grounds. They can be sent free by post, by any respectable dealer, on receipt of 13 penny stamps for every shilling value. H. Walker's Hooks and Eyes, Fish-hooks, Steel Pens, &c. are recommended.

H. WALKER,

Manufacturer to the Queen, 20, Maiden Lane, Wood Street, London.

**CHUBB'S NEW PATENT DETECTOR LOCKS** give perfect security from false Keys and Picklocks, and also give immediate notice of any attempt to open them.

Chubb's Patent Fireproof Safes, Chests, and Boxes, form a complete security for Money, Deeds, Plate, Books, &c., from Fire and Thieves. Cash Boxes, Despatch Boxes, and Japan Boxes, of all dimensions on sale. C. CHUBB & SON, 57, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.

### BOON'S PATENT COATS,

AND LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

CONSTRUCTED

ON PRINCIPLES AS DIFFERENT AND SUPERIOR

TO THE OLD MODES AS

STEAM POWER

IS TO THAT WHICH IT SUPERSEDES.

NO

PRETENSIONS ARE MADE TO CHEAPNESS,

BUT

EACH GARMENT IS OF THE MOST COSTLY TEXTURE,

IMPROVING THE FIGURE,

AND FITTING WITH INIMITABLE COMFORT

AND GRACE, AT

FAIR PRICES FOR CASH ONLY.

13, CLIFFORD STREET, BOND ST.

### ASSAM TEA, the produce of British

Possessions in the East Indies.—We particularly direct attention to the ASSAM TEA recently brought to public sale by order of the Assam Company, which for richness of flavour, with superabundant strength, surpasses all others. Families accustomed to consume the finer descriptions of China Tea will find this Tea not only produces the most delicious flavour, but will go further than any other that can be bought at any price. It is peculiarly adapted for watering-places, its extraordinary strength and fragrance rendering it the most suitable Tea to be used with hard water. Assam Souchong, 5s. per pound; Assam young Hyson, 6s. per pound. Packed in cases of one pound and upwards, impervious to air.—HAWKINS'S Tea Warehouse, 14, Whitechapel High-street.

**R. HOWSE'S PINK CHAM-**  
Rhine, is equal to the finest Wines of France, and is now in splendid condition. Sold by all respectable British Wine Merchants in Town, at 27s. per dozen (bottles included), and in the Country at 30s., Packages 1s. per dozen. Manufactory, 69 and 70, Strand.

### LADIES' GOLD NECK CHAINS.

—THOMAS WEST, Working Goldsmith and Jeweller, No. 18, Ludgate-street, next to St. Paul's, has just finished a large stock of the very best (warranted London-made) LADIES' GOLD NECK and GUARD CHAINS, at the following low prices:—

For Plain Patterns.

Same weight as three sovereigns	£4 4 0
Ditto ditto four sovereigns	5 5 0
Ditto ditto six sovereigns	7 7 0

The very newest Link (various patterns).

Same weight as five sovereigns	£7 7 0
Ditto ditto seven sovereigns	9 9 0
Ditto ditto nine sovereigns	11 11 0

These are the weights usually sold, but chains can be had of any weight at the same prices, and of either 45 or 54 inches in length.—T. WEST, 18, Ludgate-street.—Established 50 years.

### EASE AND COMFORT IN SHAVING.

**MESSRS. B. and S. COWVAN'S**

invaluable CANTON-STROP, or QUADRILATERAL CHINESE RAZOR SHARPENER, patronized by H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, renders the operation of shaving no longer painful to the most tender skin. By a very simple process the keenest edge may speedily be given to the bluntest razor or penknife. B. and S. Cowvan's peculiarly tempered Razors and Shaving Powder. Specimens of the Strops are now exhibiting at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and the Royal Adelaide Gallery, Lowther Arcade, from whence the most flattering certificates have been sent, which may be seen at the inventors', B. and S. Cowvan, No. 164, Fenchurch-street, where the Strops, &c., may be obtained, as well as of all respectable perfumers, &c., in the United Kingdom, price 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 9s. 6d.; also may be had, Cowvan's Canton Razor Strop Paste, at 6d. and 1s. per packet. The Shaving Powder, 1s. 6d. per box.

CAUTION.—None are genuine except those marked and spelt "B. and S. COWVAN."

THE CAUSE OF BALDNESS DISCOVERED, AND A COMPLETE REMEDY AND PREVENTIVE FOUND!!

### AFTER TWENTY YEARS'

close attention to the Hair, EDWARD GRIFFIN has proved that Baldness is occasioned by the disease called Scurf, which attacks the roots, and persons inclined to make their own observations will find,

1st, that the scurf is first seen at that part of the head where the Hair is getting thinner, or falls off.

2d, that when the top of the head is thickly covered with Scurf, the lower parts will be entirely free.

3d, that after the head is Bald, the Scurf leaves it altogether.

EDWARD GRIFFIN, therefore, having these two years discovered a complete preventive to Scurf, has succeeded in preventing Baldness, which is always preceded by it, and offers his AFRICAN BALM as one of the most innocent of all applications—an article which softens and nourishes the Hair, and from its medicinal properties, not only a certain preventive to Scurf, but also the very best article that can be used by those who are troubled with it, and who, by promptly applying the BALM, will prevent the Hair falling.

In an age when deceptions of all kinds are practised by empirics, there might be some difficulty in inspiring the public with confidence; but E. GRIFFIN guarantees the effect to be so speedy, as to establish the efficacy of his AFRICAN BALM in a few days.

Prepared and sold by E. GRIFFIN, Hair Cutter, 182, Strand, London. Price, 2s. 6d., and in Stopped Bottles, 3s. 6d. and 6s. Country Agents to be supplied by the regular wholesale houses: private persons may obtain a supply by a post-office order, or, by sending as many letter-stamps, will have it immediately forwarded, free of cost.

Sold by the following Agents:—Mr. Clements, Henly-on-Thames; Mr. Chubb, Speenhamland, Berks; Mr. Lee, Grantham, Lincolnshire.



## NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

CONSUMERS OF BRANDY ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED, THAT

**J. T. BETTS, JUN., & CO.,**

Will not be responsible for any Bottled Brandy that is not protected against fraudulent substitution, by the Patent Metallic Capsules, embossed with the words "BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY, 7, SMITHFIELD BARS." Sold by the most respectable Wine and Spirit Merchants, in Town and Country, at 3s. 6d. per bottle, the bottle included.

The Patronage and flattering

# ONE HUNDRED

Approbation of more than

# NOBLEMEN,

And a very large circle of the *Haut Ton*, bestowed on the DOUDNEY BROTHERS during their first year in BOND STREET, confirm their conclusion that the old-fashioned West End prejudices would no longer prevent a cheap but fair Ready Money Establishment obtaining due encouragement. The most prominent novelties now claiming attention are, the Ladies' Cloth Paletots, and Chesterfields, light, warm, and extremely gentlemanly, water-proofed by DOUDNEY'S new process, the most effective & unpertinacious before the public; also Elegancies for Dress Waistcoats. Milled Scarlet Hunting Coat, finest quality, £4 4s; excellent superfine Riding or Dress Coats, £2 2s; the best quality, £2 18s; Riding Buckskin Trousers, 13s; Ladies' Kiding Habits, excellent, for 4 guineas; elegant for 5, 6, and 7 guineas. Liveries, of very best quality, for 3 guineas per Suit.

17, OLD BOND ST. & 97, FLEET ST.

## ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY FOR THE TABLE.

**WATSON'S ALBATA PLATE.**  
CAKE BASKET.



Chased 3s.....Plain 30s.

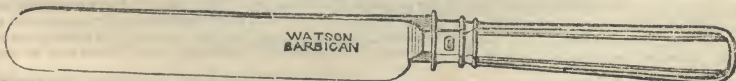
its introduction. C. W. unlike this party, courts comparison, feeling confident that the result will establish its pre-  
eminence. Entire Services of Plate Purchased.

**WATSON'S NEW ALBATA PLATE,**  
41, & 42, BARBICAN, CORNER OF PRINCES STREET,  
*Five minutes walk from General Post Office,*  
AND AT 16, NORTON FOLGATE, BISHOPSGATE,  
*Fifty Doors from the Eastern Counties Railway.*

SILVER SUPERSEDED, and those corrosive and injurious metals, called, Nickel and German Silver, supplanted by the introduction of a new, and perfectly matchless ALBATA PLATE. C. WATSON, aided by a person of Science, in the amalgamation of Metals, has succeeded in bringing to Public Notice, the most beautiful Article ever yet offered; possessing all the richness of Silver in appearance—with all its durability and hardness—with its perfect sweetness in use—undergoing as it does, a Chemical Process, by which, all that is nauseous in mixed Metals is entirely extracted—resisting all Acids—may be cleaned as silver, and is Manufactured into every Article for the Table and Sideboard.

C. WATSON begs the Public will understand that this Metal is peculiarly his own, and that Silver is not more different from Gold, than his Metal is from all others; the Public will therefore have no difficulty in discovering the animus which directs the virulent attacks made against him, by a party who is daily suffering from the unparalleled success which has marked the progress of his New Plate

Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle	Threaded	Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle	Threaded.
Table Spoons.....	16 6 doz.	1 1 0 doz.	1 10 0 doz.	Egg Spoons .....	7 0 doz.	15 0 Gilt	24 0 Gilt
„ Forks .....	16 6 „	1 1 0 „	1 10 0 „	Gravy „ .....	3 6 ea.	4 6 ea.	7 6 ea.
Dessert Spoons.....	12 6 „	16 6 „	1 5 0 „	Sauce Ladles.....	1 9 „	2 3 „	3 9 „
„ Forks .....	12 6 „	16 6 „	1 5 0 „	Soup „ .....	6 6 „	8 0 „	11 0 „
Tea Spoons .....	5 6 „	8 0 „	13 6 „	Sugar Tongs.....	1 3 „	1 9 „	3 0 „
Salt Ditto .....	6 0 „	12 0 Gilt	18 0 gilt.	Fish Knives.....	5 6 „	8 6 „	12 6 „
Mustard Ditto ...	6 0 „	12 0 Gilt	13 6 „	Skewers .....	4d. in.		6d. in.



aded Pattern Albata Plate Handle Table Knives, Steel Blades, 22s. 6d. per doz.—Desserts 18s. 6d. doz.—Carvers 6s. 6d. pair.  
ee Papier Mache Tea Trays, full sizes, ornamented, for 3s.—Patent Candle Lamps, 9s. 6d.—Solar Lamps to burn common  
sa. 6d.—Bronze Fenders, 9s. 6d.—Steel Fire Irons, 4s. 6d. per set.—Ivory Handle Table Knives, rimmed shoulders, 11s. per  
Desserts, 9s. per doz.; Carvers, 4s. 6d. per pair.

**UTION.**—WATSON'S NEW ALBATA PLATE can only be had Genuine at the Warehouses of the Inventor, 41, & 42, ICAN, corner of Princes Street, and at 16, NORTON FOLGATE, Bishopsgate, Wholesale and Retail Jeweller, Silversmith, and General Furnishing Hardwareman. Established 1795.

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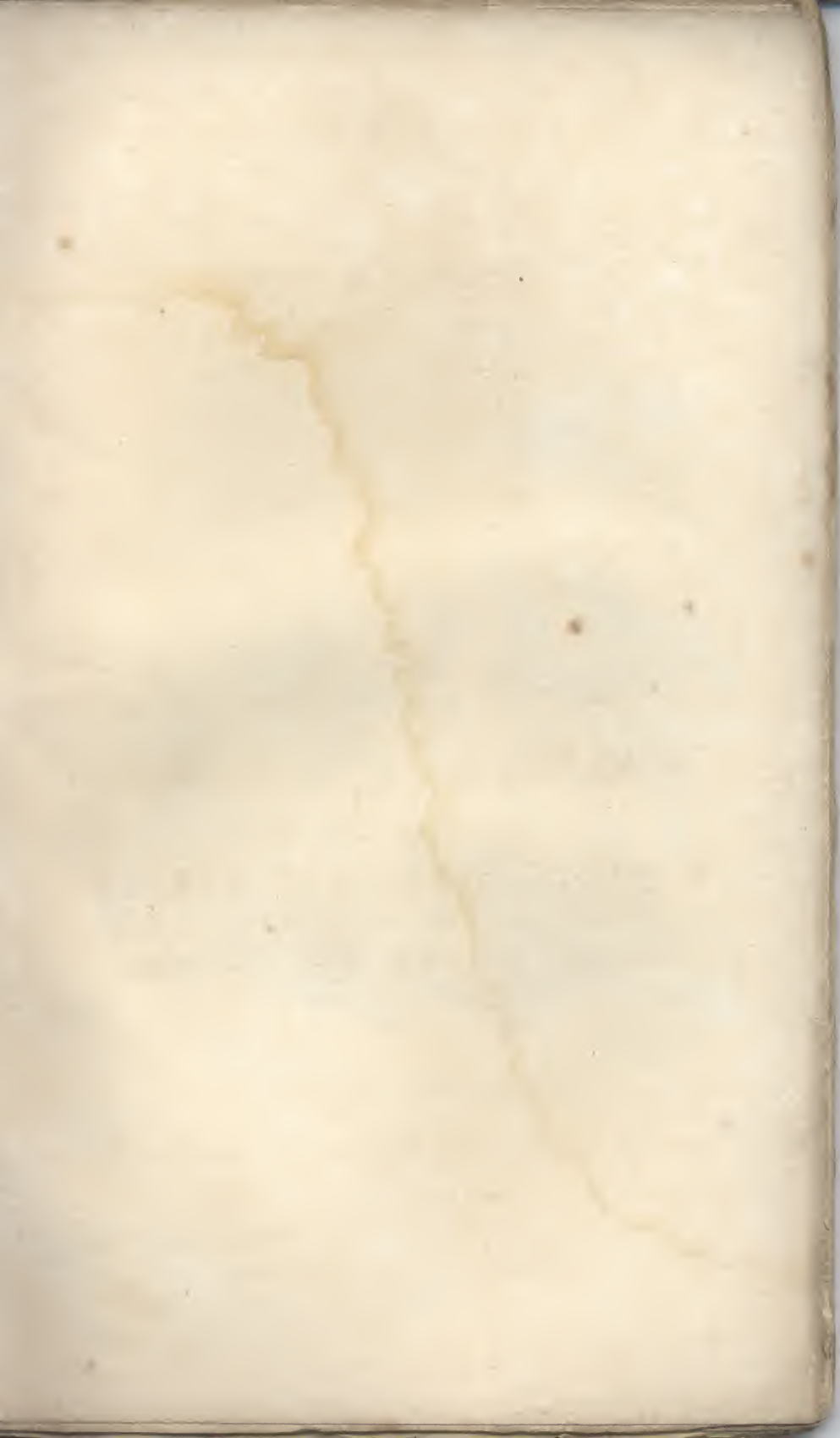
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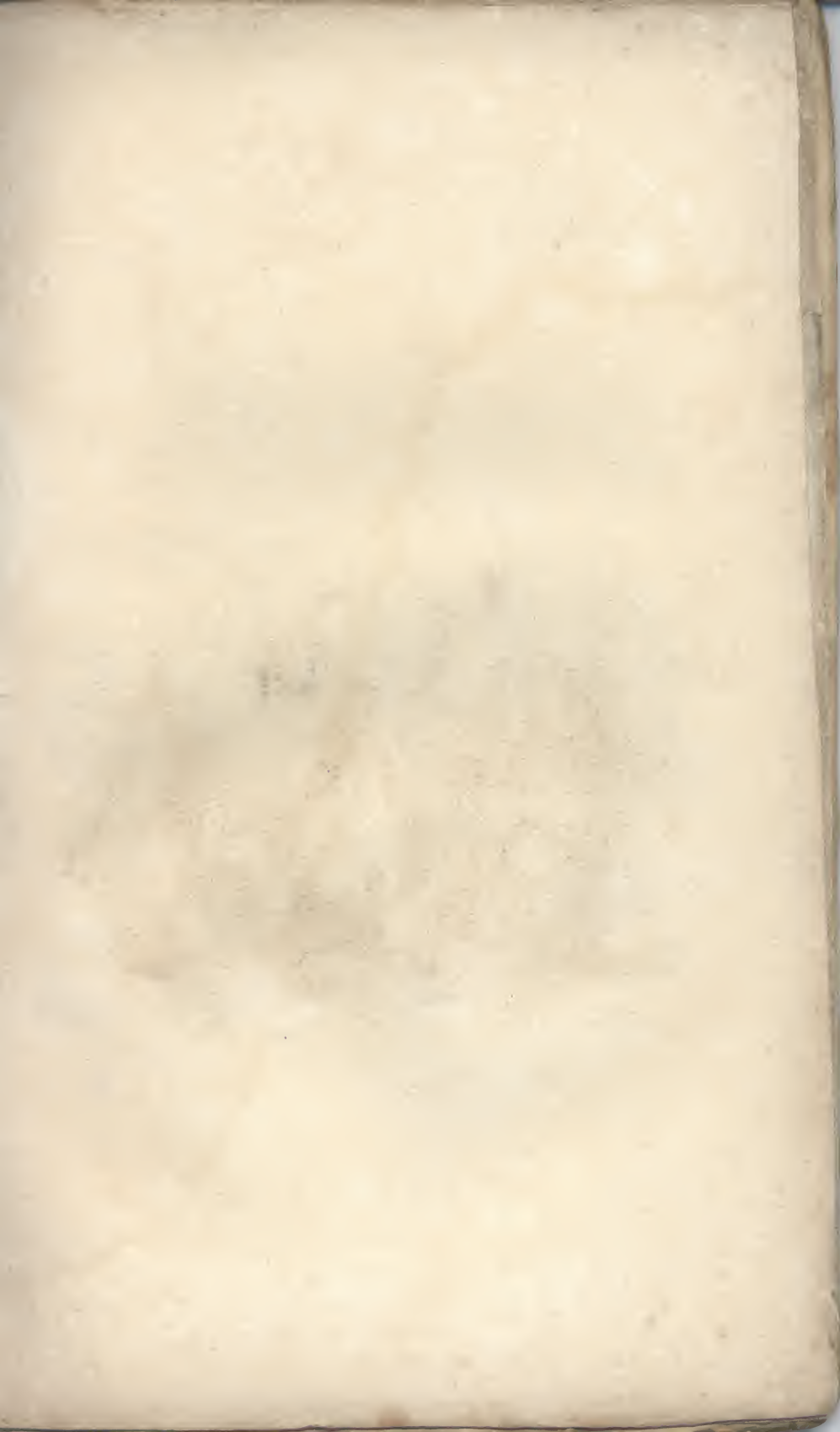






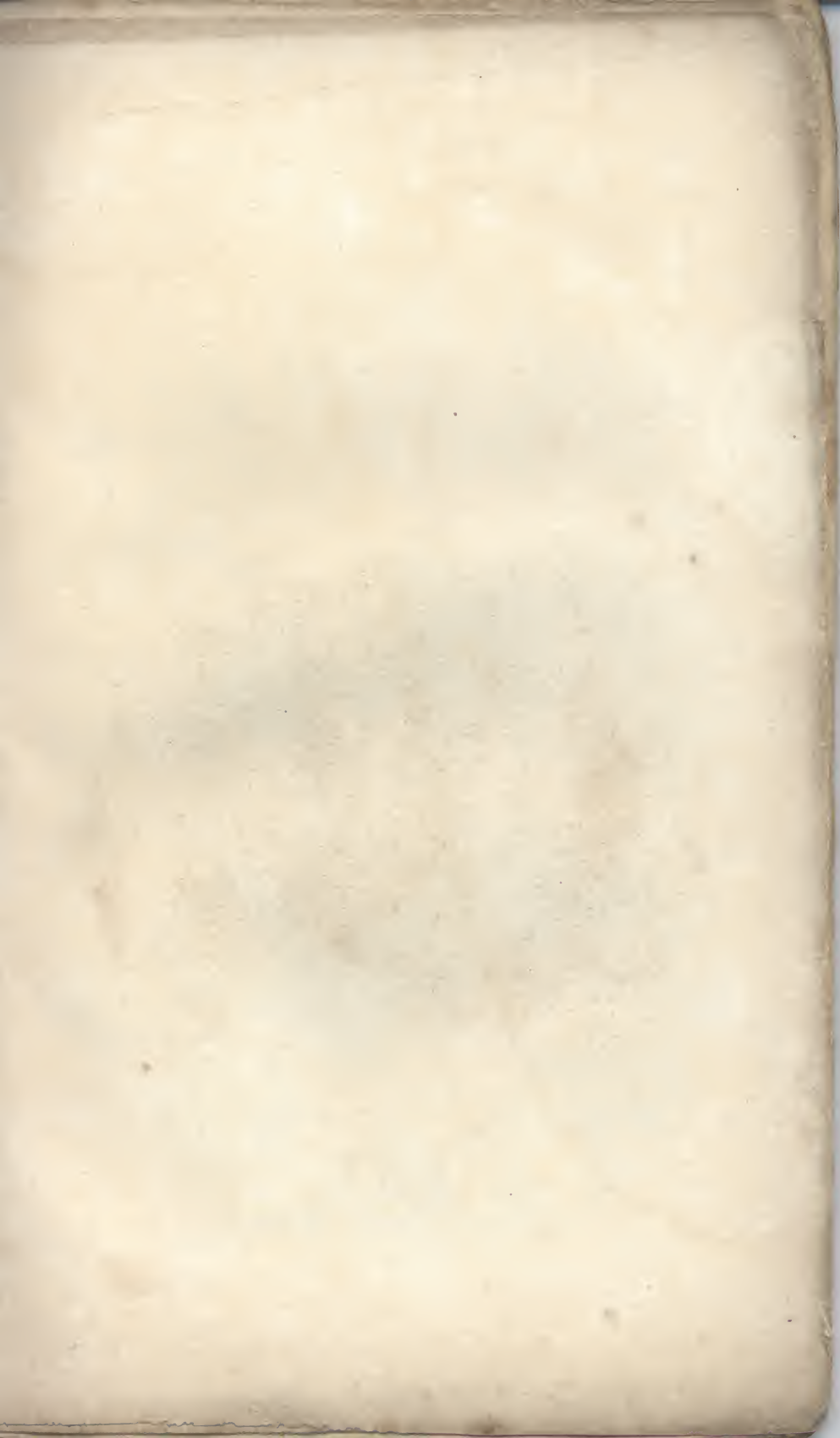
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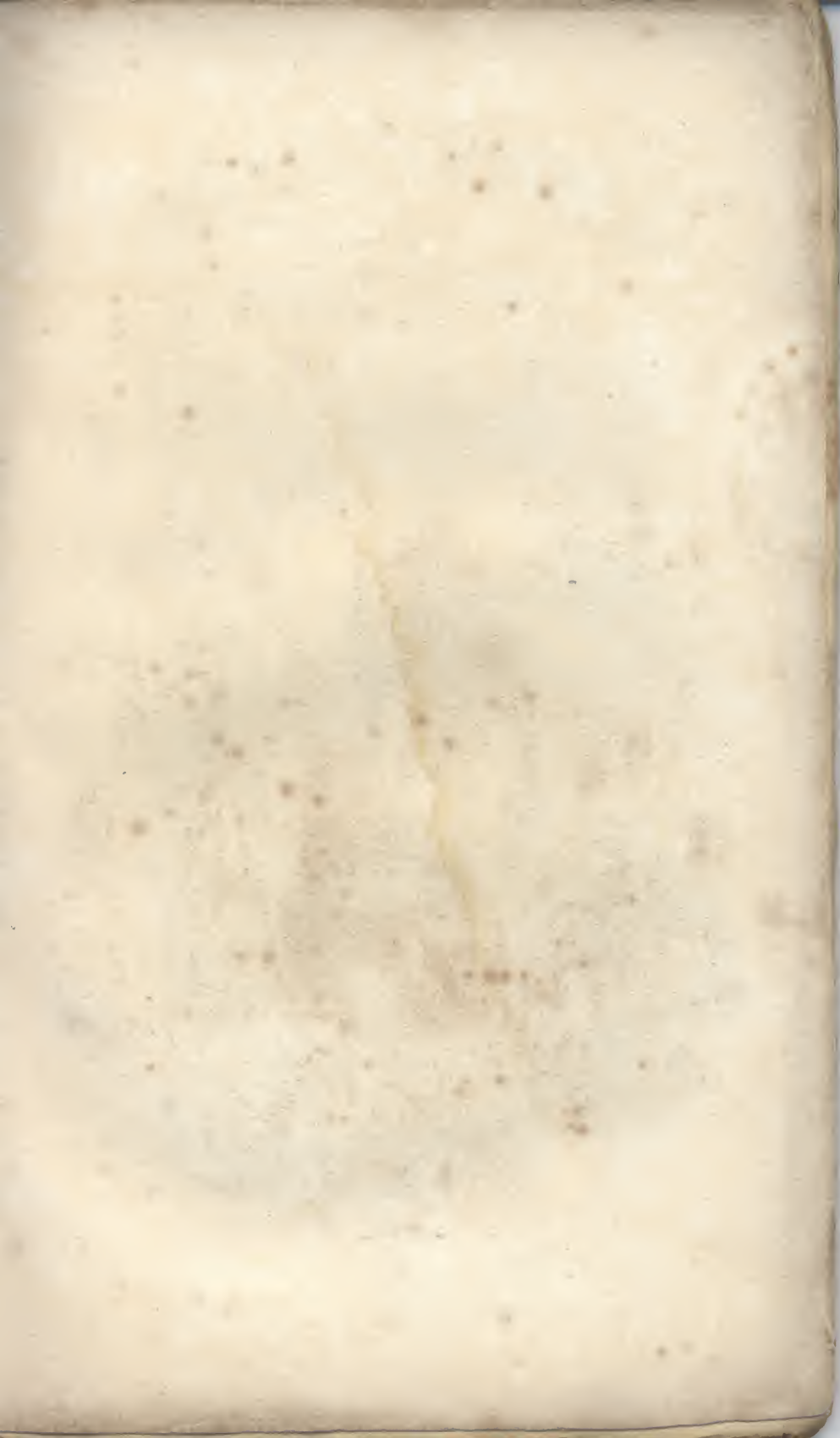












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## CHAPTER LI.

SHEDS NEW AND BRIGHTER LIGHT UPON THE VERY DARK PLACE ; AND CONTAINS THE SEQUEL OF THE ENTERPRISE OF MR. JONAS AND HIS FRIEND.

THE night had now come, when the old clerk was to be delivered over to his keepers. In the midst of his guilty distractions, Jonas had not forgotten it.

It was a part of his guilty state of mind to remember it ; for on his persistance in the scheme depended one of his precautions for his own safety. A hint, a word, from the old man, uttered at such a moment in attentive ears, might fire the train of suspicion, and destroy him. His watchfulness of every avenue by which the discovery of his guilt might be approached, sharpened with his sense of the danger by which he was encompassed. With murder on his soul, and its innumerable alarms and terrors dragging at him night and day, he would have repeated the crime, if he had seen a path of safety stretching out beyond. It was in his punishment ; it was in his guilty condition. The very deed which his fears rendered insupportable, his fears would have impelled him to commit again.

But keeping the old man close, according to his design, would serve his turn. His purpose was, to escape, when the first alarm and wonder had subsided ; and when he could make the attempt without awakening instant suspicion. In the meanwhile these women would keep him quiet ; and if the talking humour came upon him, would not be easily startled. He knew their trade.

Nor had he spoken idly when he said the old man should be gagged. He had resolved to ensure his silence ; and he looked to the end, not the means. He had been rough and rude and cruel to the old man all his life ; and violence was natural to his mind in connexion with him. "He shall be gagged if he speaks, and pinioned if he writes," said Jonas looking at him ; for they sat alone together. "He is mad enough for that ; I'll go through with it !"

Hush !

Still listening ! To every sound. He had listened ever since, and it had not come yet. The exposure of the Insurance office ; the flight of Crimble and Bullamy with the plunder, and among the rest, as he feared, with his own bill, which he had not found in the pocket-book of the murdered man, and which with Mr. Pecksniff's money had probably been remitted to one or other of those trusty friends for safe deposit at the banker's ; his immense losses, and peril of being still called to account as a partner in the broken firm ; all these things rose in his mind at one time and always, but he could not contemplate them. He was aware of their presence, and of the rage, discomfiture, and despair, they brought along with them ; but he thought—of his own controlling power and direction he thought—of the one dread question only. When they would find the body in the wood.

He tried—he had never left off trying—not to forget it was there, for that was impossible, but to forget to weary himself by drawing vivid pictures of it in his fancy : by going softly about it and about it among the leaves, approaching it nearer and nearer through a gap in the boughs, and startling the very flies that were thickly sprinkled all over it, like heaps of dried currants. His mind was fixed and fastened on the discovery, for intelligence of which he listened intently to every cry and shout ; listened when any one came in, or went out ; watched from the window the people who passed up and down the street ; and mistrusted his own looks and words. And the more his thoughts were set upon the discovery, the stronger was the fascination which attracted them to the thing itself : lying alone in the wood. He was for ever showing and presenting it, as it were, to every creature whom he saw. “ Look here ! Do you know of this ? Is it found ? Do you suspect me ? ” If he had been condemned to bear the body in his arms, and lay it down for recognition at the feet of every one he met, it could not have been more constantly with him, or a cause of more monotonous and dismal occupation than it was in this state of his mind.

Still he was not sorry. It was no contrition or remorse for what he had done that moved him ; it was nothing but alarm for his own security. The vague consciousness he possessed of having wrecked his fortune in the murderous venture, intensified his hatred and revenge, and made him set the greater store by what he had gained. The man was dead ; nothing could undo that. He felt a triumph yet, in the reflection.

He had kept a jealous watch on Chuffey, ever since the deed ; seldom leaving him but on compulsion, and then for as short intervals as possible. They were alone together now. It was twilight, and the appointed time drew near at hand. Jonas walked up and down the room. The old man sat in his accustomed corner.

The slightest circumstance was matter of disquiet to the murderer, and he was made uneasy at this time by the absence of his wife, who had left home early in the afternoon, and had not returned yet. No tenderness for her was at the bottom of this ; but he had a misgiving that she might have been waylaid, and tempted into saying something that would criminate him when the news came. For anything he knew, she might have knocked at the door of his room, while he was away, and discovered his plot. Confound her, it was like her pale face, to be wandering up and down the house ! Where was she now ?

“ She went to her good friend, Mrs. Todgers,” said the old man, when he asked the question with an angry oath.

Aye ! To be sure ! always stealing away into the company of that woman. She was no friend of his. Who could tell what devil’s mischief they might hatch together ! Let her be fetched home directly.

The old man, muttering some words softly, rose as if he would have gone himself, but Jonas thrust him back into his chair with an impatient imprecation, and sent a servant-girl to fetch her. When he had charged her with her errand he walked to and fro again, and never stopped till she came back, which she did pretty soon : the way being short, and the woman having made good haste.



Well ! Where was she ? Had she come ?

No. She had left there, full three hours.

"Left there ! Alone ?"

The messenger had not asked ; taking that for granted.

"Curse you for a fool. Bring candles !"

She had scarcely left the room, when the old clerk, who had been unusually observant of him ever since he had asked about his wife, came suddenly upon him.

"Give her up !" cried the old man. "Come ! Give her up to me ! Tell me what you have done with her. Quick ! I have made no promises on that score. Tell me what you have done with her."

He laid his hands upon his collar as he spoke, and grasped it : tightly too.

"You shall not leave me !" cried the old man. "I am strong enough to cry out to the neighbours, and I will, unless you give her up. Give her up to me !"

Jonas was so dismayed and conscience-stricken, that he had not even hardihood enough to unclench the old man's hands with his own ; but stood looking at him as well as he could in the darkness, without moving a finger. It was as much as he could do to ask him what he meant.

"I will know what you have done with her !" retorted Chuffey. "If you hurt a hair of her head, you shall answer it. Poor thing ! Poor thing ! Where is she ?"

"Why, you old madman !" said Jonas, in a low voice, and with trembling lips. "What Bedlam fit has come upon you now ?"

"It is enough to make me mad, seeing what I have seen in this house !" cried Chuffey. "Where is my dear old master ! Where is his only son that I have nursed upon my knee, a child ! Where is she, she who was the last ; she that I've seen pining day by day, and heard weeping in the dead of night ! She was the last, the last of all my friends ! Heaven help me, she was the very last !"

Seeing that the tears were stealing down his face, Jonas mustered courage to unclench his hands, and push him off before he answered :

"Did you hear me ask for her ? Did you hear me send for her ? How can I give you up what I hav'n't got, idiot ! Ecod, I'd give her up to you and welcome, if I could ; and a precious pair you'd be !"

"If she has come to any harm," cried Chuffey, "mind ! I'm old and silly ; but I have my memory sometimes ; and if she has come to any harm——"

"Devil take you," interrupted Jonas, but in a suppressed voice still ; "what harm do you suppose she has come to ? I know no more where she is than you do ; I wish I did. Wait till she comes home, and see ; she can't be long. Will that content you ?"

"Mind !" exclaimed the old man. "Not a hair of her head ! not a hair of her head ill used ! I won't bear it. I—I—have borne it too long, Jonas. I am silent, but I—I—I can speak. I—I—I can speak——" he stammered, as he crept back to his chair, and turned a threatening, though a feeble, look upon him.

"You can speak, can you !" thought Jonas. "So, so, we'll stop your

speaking. It's well I knew of this in good time. Prevention is better than cure."

He had made a poor show of playing the Bully and evincing a desire to conciliate at the same time, but was so afraid of the old man that great drops had started out upon his brow; and they stood there yet. His unusual tone of voice and agitated manner had sufficiently expressed his fear; but his face would have done so now, without that aid, as he again walked to and fro, glancing at him by the candle-light.

He stopped at the window to think. An opposite shop was lighted up; and the tradesman and a customer were reading some printed bill together across the counter. The sight brought him back, instantly, to the occupation he had forgotten. "Look here! Do you know of this? Is it found? Do you suspect me?"

A hand upon the door. "What's that!"

"A pleasant evenin'," said the voice of Mrs. Gamp, "though warm, which, bless you Mr. Chuzzlewit, we must expect when cowcumpers is three for twopence. How does Mr. Chuffey find his self to-night, Sir?"

Mrs. Gamp kept particularly close to the door in saying this, and curtsied more than usual. She did not appear to be quite so much at her ease as she generally was.

"Get him to his room," said Jonas, walking up to her, and speaking in her ear. "He has been raving to-night—stark mad. Don't talk while he's here, but come down again."

"Poor sweet dear!" cried Mrs. Gamp, with uncommon tenderness. "He's all of a tremble."

"Well he may be," said Jonas, "after the mad fit he has had. Get him up stairs."

She was by this time assisting him to rise.

"There's my blessed old chick!" cried Mrs. Gamp, in a tone that was at once soothing and encouraging. "There's my darlin' Mr. Chuffey! Now come up to your own room, Sir, and lay down on your bed a bit; for you're a shakin' all over, as if your precious jint's was hung upon wires. That's a good creetur! come with Sairey!"

"Is she come home?" inquired the old man.

"She'll be here directly minnit," returned Mrs. Gamp. "Come with Sairey, Mr. Chuffey. Come with your own Sairey!"

The good woman had no reference to any female in the world in promising this speedy advent of the person for whom Mr. Chuffey inquired, but merely threw it out as a means of pacifying the old man. It had its effect, for he permitted her to lead him away; and they quitted the room together.

Jonas looked out of the window again. They were still reading the printed paper in the shop opposite, and a third man had joined in the perusal. What could it be, to interest them so?

A dispute or discussion seemed to arise among them, for they all looked up from their reading together, and one of the three, who had been glancing over the shoulder of another, stepped back to explain or illustrate some action by his gestures.

Horror! How like the blow he had struck in the wood!

It beat him from the window as if it had lighted on himself. As he



staggered into a chair he thought of the change in Mrs. Gamp, exhibited in her new-born tenderness to her charge. Was that because it was found?—because she knew of it?—because she suspected him?

"Mr. Chuffey is a lyin' down," said Mrs. Gamp, returning, "and much good may it do him, Mr. Chuzzlewit, which harm it can't and good it may: be joyful!"

"Sit down," said Jonas, hoarsely, "and let us get this business done. "Where is the other woman?"

"The other person's with him now," she answered.

"That's right," said Jonas. "He is not fit to be left to himself. Why, he fastened on me to-night; here, upon my coat; like a savage dog. Old as he is, and feeble as he is usually, I had some trouble to shake him off. You—Hush!—It's nothing. You told me the other woman's name. I forget it."

"I mentioned Betsey Prig," said Mrs. Gamp.

"She is to be trusted, is she?"

"That she ain't!" said Mrs. Gamp; "nor have I brought her, Mr. Chuzzlewit. I've brought another, which engages to give every satisfaction."

"What is her name?" asked Jonas.

Mrs. Gamp looked at him in an odd way without returning any answer, but appeared to understand the question too.

"What is her name?" repeated Jonas.

"Her name," said Mrs. Gamp, "is Harris."

It was extraordinary how much effort it cost Mrs. Gamp to pronounce the name she was commonly so ready with. She made some three or four gasps before she could get it out; and, when she had uttered it, pressed her hand upon her side, and turned up her eyes, as if she were going to faint away. But, knowing her to labour under a complication of internal disorders, which rendered a few drops of spirits indispensable at certain times to her existence, and which came on very strong when that remedy was not at hand, Jonas merely supposed her to be the victim of one of these attacks.

"Well!" he said, hastily, for he felt how incapable he was of confining his wandering attention to the subject. "You and she have arranged to take care of him, have you?"

Mrs. Gamp replied in the affirmative, and softly discharged herself of her familiar phrase, "Turn and turn about; one off, one on." But she spoke so tremulously that she felt called upon to add, "which fiddle-strings is weakness to expredge my nerves this night!"

Jonas stopped to listen. Then said, hurriedly:

"We shall not quarrel about terms. Let them be the same as they were before. Keep him close, and keep him quiet. He must be restrained. He has got it in his head to-night that my wife's dead, and has been attacking me as if I had killed her. It's—it's common with mad people to take the worst fancies of those they like best. Is n't it?"

Mrs. Gamp assented with a short groan.

"Keep him close, then, or in one of his fits he'll be doing me a mischief. And don't trust him at any time; for when he seems most

rational, he's wildest in his talk. But that you know already. Let me see the other."

"The t'other person, Sir?" said Mrs. Gamp.

"Ay! Go you to him and send the other. Quick! I'm busy."

Mrs. Gamp took two or three backward steps towards the door, and stopped there.

"It is your wishes, Mr. Chuzzlewit," she said, in a sort of quavering croak, "to see the t'other person. Is it?"

But the ghastly change in Jonas told her that the other person was already seen. Before she could look round towards the door, she was put aside by old Martin's hand; and Chuffey and John Westlock entered with him.

"Let no one leave the house," said Martin. "This man is my brother's son. Ill met, ill-trained, ill-begotten. If he moves from the spot on which he stands, or speaks a word above his breath to any person here, fling up the window, and call for help!"

"What right have you to give such directions in this house?" asked Jonas faintly.

"The right of your wrong-doing. Come in there!"

An irrepressible exclamation burst from the lips of Jonas, as Lewsome entered at the door. It was not a groan, or a shriek, or a word, but was wholly unlike any sound that had ever fallen on the ears of those who heard it, while at the same time it was the most sharp and terrible expression of what was working in his guilty breast, that nature could have invented.

He had done murder for this! He had girdled himself about with perils, agonies of mind, innumerable fears, for this! He had hidden his secret in the wood; pressed and stamped it down into the bloody ground; and here it started up when least expected, miles upon miles away; known to many; proclaiming itself from the lips of an old man who had renewed his strength and vigour as by a miracle, to give it voice against him!

He leaned his hand on the back of a chair, and looked at them. It was in vain to try to do so, scornfully; or with his usual insolence. He required the chair for his support. But he made a struggle for it.

"I know that fellow," he said, fetching his breath at every word, and pointing his trembling finger towards Lewsome. "He's the greatest liar alive. What's his last tale? Ha, ha! You're rare fellows, too! Why, that uncle of mine is childish; he's even a greater child than his brother, my father, was, in his old age; or than Chuffey is. What the devil do you mean," he added, looking fiercely at John Westlock and Mark Tapley (the latter had entered with Lewsome), "by coming here, and bringing two idiots and a knave with you to take my house by storm. Hallo, there! Open the door! Turn these strangers out!"

"I tell you what," cried Mr. Tapley, coming forward, "if it was n't for your name, I'd drag you through the streets of my own accord, and single-handed, I would! Ah, I would! Don't try and look bold at me. You can't do it! Now go on, Sir," this was to old Martin. "Bring the murderin' wagabond upon his knees! If he wants noise, he shall have enough of it; for as sure as he's a shiverin' from head to foot, I'll



raise a uproar at this winder that shall bring half London in. Go on Sir! Let him try me once, and see whether I'm a man of my word or not."

With that, Mark folded his arms, and took his seat upon the window-ledge, with an air of general preparation for anything, which seemed to imply that he was equally ready to jump out himself, or to throw Jonas out, upon receiving the slightest hint that it would be agreeable to the company.

Old Martin turned to Lewsome :

"This is the man," he said, extending his hand towards Jonas. "Is it?"

"You need do no more than look at him to be sure of that, or of the truth of what I have said," was the reply. "He is my witness."

"Oh, brother!" cried old Martin, clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes. "Oh, brother, brother! Were we strangers half our lives that you might breed a wretch like this, and I make life a desert by withering every flower that grew about me! Is it the natural end of your precepts and mine, that this should be the creature of your rearing, training, teaching, hoarding, striving for: and I the means of bringing him to punishment, when nothing can repair the wasted past!"

He sat down upon a chair as he spoke, and turning away his face, was silent for a few moments. Then with recovered energy he proceeded:

"But the accursed harvest of our mistaken lives shall be trodden down. It is not too late for that. You are confronted with this man, you monster there; not to be spared, but to be dealt with justly. Hear what he says! Reply, be silent, contradict, repeat, defy, do what you please. My course shall be the same. Go on! And you," he said to Chuffey, "for the love of your old friend, speak out, good fellow!"

"I have been silent for his love!" cried the old man. "He urged me to it. He made me promise it, upon his dying bed. I never would have spoken, but for your finding out so much. I have thought about it ever since: I could n't help that: and sometimes I have had it all before me in a dream: but in the day-time, not in sleep. Is there such a kind of dream?" said Chuffey, looking anxiously in old Martin's face.

As Martin made him an encouraging reply, he listened attentively to his voice; and smiled.

"Ah, ay!" he cried. "He often spoke to me like that. We were at school together, he and I. I could n't turn against his son, you know—his only son, Mr. Chuzzlewit!"

"I would to heaven you had been his son!" said Martin.

"You speak so like my dear old master," cried the old man with a childish delight, "that I almost think I hear him. I can hear you quite as well as I used to hear him. It makes me young again. He never spoke unkindly to me, and I always understood him. I could always see him too, though my sight was dim. Well, well! He's dead, he's dead. He was very good to me, my dear old master!"

He shook his head mournfully over the brother's head. At this moment Mark, who had been glancing out of the window, left the room.

"I could n't turn against his only son, you know," said Chuffey. "He has nearly driven me to do it sometimes; he very nearly did to-night. Ah!" cried the old man, with a sudden recollection of the cause. "Where is she! She's not come home!"

"Do you mean his wife?" said Mr. Chuzzlewit.

"Yes."

"I have removed her. She is in my care, and will be spared the present knowledge of what is passing here. She has known misery enough, without that addition."

Jonas heard this with a sinking heart. He knew that they were on his heels, and felt that they were resolute to run him to destruction. Inch by inch the ground beneath him was sliding from his feet; faster and faster the encircling ruin contracted and contracted towards himself, its wicked centre, until it should close in and crush him.

And now he heard the voice of his accomplice stating to his face, with every circumstance of time and place and incident; and openly proclaiming, with no reserve, suppression, passion, or concealment; all the truth. The truth, which nothing would keep down; which blood would not smother, and earth would not hide; the truth, whose terrible inspiration seemed to change dotards into strong men; and on whose avenging wings, one whom he had supposed to be at the extremest corner of the earth came swooping down upon him.

He tried to deny it, but his tongue would not move. He conceived some desperate thought of rushing away, and tearing through the streets; but his limbs would as little answer to his will as his stark, stiff, staring face. All this time the voice went slowly on, denouncing him. It was as if every drop of blood in the wood had found a voice to jeer him with.

When it ceased, another voice took up the tale, but strangely: for the old clerk, who had watched, and listened to the whole, and had wrung his hands from time to time, as if he knew its truth and could confirm it, broke in with these words:

"No, no, no! you're wrong; you're wrong—all wrong together! Have patience, for the truth is only known to me!"

"How can that be," said his old master's brother, "after what you have heard? Besides, you said just now, above-stairs, when I told you of the accusation against him, that you knew he was his father's murderer."

"Ay, yes! and so he was!" cried Chuffey, wildly. "But not as you suppose—not as you suppose. Stay! Give me a moment's time. I have it all here—all here! It was foul, foul, cruel, bad; but not as you suppose. Stay, stay!"

He put his hands up to his head, as if it throbbed or pained him. After looking about him in a wandering and vacant manner for some moments, his eyes rested upon Jonas, when they kindled up with sudden recollection and intelligence.

"Yes!" cried old Chuffey, "yes! That's how it was. It's all upon me now. He—he got up from his bed before he died, to be sure, to say that he forgave him; and he came down with me into this room; and when he saw him—his only son, the son he loved—his speech forsook him: he had no speech for what he knew—and no one understood him except me. But I did—I did!"

Old Martin regarded him in amazement; so did his companions. Mrs. Gamp, who had said nothing yet; but had kept two-thirds of herself behind the door, ready for escape, and one-third in the room, ready for



siding with the strongest party ; came a little further in and remarked, with a sob, that Mr. Chuffey was " the sweetest old creetur goin'."

" He bought the stuff," said Chuffey, stretching out his arm towards Jonas, while an unwonted fire shone in his eye, and lightened up his face ; " he bought the stuff, no doubt, as you have heard, and brought it home. He mixed the stuff—look at him !—with some sweetmeat in a jar, exactly as the medicine for his father's cough was mixed, and put it in a drawer ; in that drawer yonder ; in the desk ; he knows which drawer I mean ! He kept it there locked up. But his courage failed him, or his heart was touched—my God ! I hope it was his heart ! He was his only son !—and he did not put it in the usual place, where my old master would have taken it twenty times a-day."

The trembling figure of the old man shook with the strong emotions that possessed him. But, with the same light in his eye, and with his arm outstretched, and with his gray hair stirring on his head, he seemed to grow in size, and was like a man inspired. Jonas shrunk from looking at him, and cowered down into the chair by which he had held. It seemed as if this tremendous Truth could make the dumb speak.

" I know it every word now !" cried Chuffey. " Every word ! He put it in that drawer, as I have said. He went so often there, and was so secret, that his father took notice of it ; and when he was out, had it opened. We were there together, and we found the mixture—Mr. Chuzzlewit and I. He took it into his possession, and made light of it at the time ; but in the night he came to my bedside, weeping, and told me that his own son had it in his mind to poison him. ' Oh, Chuff ! ' he said, ' oh, dear old Chuff ! a voice came into my room to-night, and told me that this crime began with me. It began when I taught him to be too covetous of what I have to leave, and made the expectation of it his great business ! ' Those were his words ; ay, they are his very words ! If he was a hard man now and then, it was for his only son. He loved his only son, and he was always good to me ! "

Jonas listened with increased attention. Hope was breaking in upon him.

" ' He shall not weary for my death, Chuff : ' that was what he said next," pursued the old clerk, as he wiped his eyes ; " that was what he said next, crying like a little child : ' He shall not weary for my death, Chuff. He shall have it now ; he shall marry where he has a fancy, Chuff, although it don't please me ; and you and I will go away and live upon a little. I always loved him ; perhaps he'll love *me* then. It's a dreadful thing to have my own child thirsting for my death. But I might have known it. I have sown, and I must reap. He shall believe that I am taking this ; and when I see that he is sorry, and has all he wants, I'll tell him that I found it out, and I'll forgive him. He'll make a better man of his own son, and be a better man himself, perhaps, Chuff ! "

Poor Chuffey paused to dry his eyes again. Old Martin's face was hidden in his hands. Jonas listened still more keenly, and his breast heaved like a swollen water, but with hope. With growing hope.

" My dear old master made believe next day," said Chuffey, " that he had opened the drawer by mistake with a key from the bunch, which

happened to fit it (we had one made and hung upon it) ; and that he had been surprised to find his fresh supply of cough medicine in such a place, but supposed it had been put there in a hurry when the drawer stood open. We burnt it ; but his son believed that he was taking it—he knows he did. Once Mr. Chuzzlewit, to try him, took heart to say it had a strange taste ; and he got up directly, and went out.”

Jonas gave a short, dry cough ; and, changing his position for an easier one, folded his arms without looking at them, though they could now see his face.

“ Mr. Chuzzlewit wrote to her father ; I mean the father of the poor thing who’s his wife,” said Chuffey ; “ and got him to come up : intending to hasten on the marriage. But his mind, like mine, went a little wrong through grief, and then his heart broke. He sank and altered from the time when he came to me in the night ; and never held up his head again. It was only a few days, but he had never changed so much in twice the years. ‘ Spare him, Chuff ! ’ he said, before he died. They were the only words he could speak. ‘ Spare him, Chuff ! ’ I promised him I would. I’ve tried to do it. He’s his only son.”

In his recollection of the last scene in his old friend’s life, poor Chuffey’s voice, which had grown weaker and weaker, quite deserted him. Making a motion with his hand, as if he would have said that Anthony had taken it, and had died with it in his, he retreated to the corner where he usually concealed his sorrows ; and was silent.

Jonas could look at his company now, and vauntingly too. “ Well ! ” he said, after a pause. “ Are you satisfied ? Or have you any more of your plots to broach ? Why that fellow, Lewsome, can invent ’em for you by the score. Is this all ? Have you nothing else ? ”

Old Martin looked at him steadily.

“ Whether you are what you seemed to be at Pecksniff’s, or are something else and a mountebank, I don’t know and I don’t care,” said Jonas, looking downward with a smile, “ but I don’t want you here. You were here so often when your brother was alive, and were always so fond of him (your dear dear brother and you would have been cuffing one another before this, ecod ! ) that I’m not surprised at your being attached to the place ; but the place is not attached to you, and you can’t leave it too soon, though you may leave it too late. And for my wife, old man, send her home straight, or it will be the worse for her. Ha ha ! You carry it with a high hand too ! But it is n’t hanging yet for a man to keep a penn’orth of poison for his own purposes, and have it taken from him by two old crazy jolter-heads who go and act a play about it. Ha, ha ! Do you see the door ? ”

His base triumph, struggling with his cowardice, and shame, and guilt, was so detestable, that they turned away from him, as if he were some obscene and filthy animal, repugnant to the sight. And here that last, black crime was busy with him too ; working within him to his perdition. But for that, the old clerk’s story might have touched him, though never so lightly ; but for that, the sudden removal of so great a load might have brought about some wholesome change even in him. With that deed done, however ; with that unnecessary wasteful danger



haunting him; despair was in his very triumph and relief: wild, ungovernable, raging despair, for the uselessness of the peril into which he had plunged; despair that hardened him and maddened him, and set his teeth a grinding in the moment of his exultation.

"My good friend!" said Martin, laying his hand on Chuffey's sleeve.

"This is no place for you to remain in. Come with me."

"Just his old way!" cried Chuffey, looking up into his face. "I almost believe it's Mr. Chuzzlewit alive again. Yes! Take me with you! Stay though, stay."

"For what?" asked Martin.

"I can't leave her, poor thing!" said Chuffey. "She has been very good to me. I can't leave her, Mr. Chuzzlewit. Thank you kindly. I'll remain here. I hav'n't long to remain; it's no great matter."

As he meekly shook his poor, gray head, and thanked old Martin in these words, Mrs. Gamp, now entirely in the room, was affected to tears.

"The mercy as it is!" she said, "as sech a dear, good, reverend creetur, never got into the cludges of Betsey Prig, which but for me he would have done, undoubted: facts bein stubborn and not easy drove!"

"You heard me speak to you just now, old man," said Jonas to his uncle. "I'll have no more tampering with my people, man or woman. Do you see the door?"

"Do you see the door?" returned the voice of Mark, coming from that direction. "Look at it!"

He looked, and his gaze was nailed there. Fatal, ill-omened, blighted thresh-hold, cursed by his father's footsteps in his dying hour, cursed by his young wife's sorrowing tread, cursed by the daily shadow of the old clerk's figure, cursed by the crossing of his murderer's feet—what men were standing in the doorway!

Nadgett, foremost.

Hark! It came on, roaring like a sea! Hawkers burst into the street, crying it up and down; windows were thrown open that the inhabitants might hear it; people stopped to listen in the road and on the pavement; the bells, the same bells began to ring: tumbling over one another in a dance of boisterous joy at the discovery (that was the sound they had in his distempered thoughts), and making their airy playground rock.

"That is the man," said Nadgett. "By the window!"

Three others came in, laid hands upon him, and secured him. It was so quickly done, that he had not lost sight of the informer's face for an instant when his wrists were manacled together.

"Murder," said Nadgett, looking round on the astonished group. "Let no one interfere."

The sounding street repeated Murder. Barbarous and dreadful Murder; Murder, Murder, Murder. Rolling on from house to house, and echoing from stone to stone, until the voices died away into the distant hum, which seemed to mutter the same word.

They all stood silent: listening, and gazing in each other's faces, as the noise passed on.

Martin was the first to speak. "What terrible history is this?" he demanded.

"Ask *him*," said Nadgett. "You're his friend, Sir. He can tell you, if he will. He knows more of it than I do, though I know much."

"How do you know much?"

"I have not been watching him so long for nothing," returned Nadgett. "I never watched a man so close as I have watched him."

Another of the phantom forms of this terrific Truth! Another of the many shapes in which it started up about him, out of vacancy. This man, of all men in the world, a spy upon him; this man, changing his identity: casting off his shrinking, purblind, unobservant character, and springing up into a watchful enemy! The dead man might have come out of his grave, and not confounded and appalled him so.

The game was up. The race was at an end; the rope was woven for his neck. If by a miracle he could escape from this strait, he had but to turn his face another way, no matter where, and there would rise some new avenger front to front with him: some infant in an hour grown old, or old man in an hour grown young, or blind man with his sight restored, or deaf man with his hearing given him. There was no chance. He sank down in a heap against the wall, and never hoped again, from that moment.

"I am not his friend, although I have the dishonour to be his relative," said Mr. Chuzzlewit. "You may speak to me. Where have you watched, and what have you seen?"

"I have watched in many places," returned Nadgett, "night and day. I have watched him lately, almost without rest or relief:" his anxious face and bloodshot eyes confirmed it. "I little thought to what my watching was to lead. As little as he did when he slipped out in the night, dressed in those clothes which he afterwards sunk in a bundle at London Bridge!"

Jonas moved upon the ground like a man in bodily torture. He uttered a suppressed groan, as if he had been wounded by some cruel weapon; and plucked at the iron band upon his wrists, as though (his hands being free) he would have torn himself.

"Steady, kinsman!" said the chief officer of the party. "Don't be violent."

"Whom do you call kinsman?" asked old Martin sternly.

"You," said the man, "among others."

Martin turned his scrutinising gaze upon him. He was sitting lazily across a chair with his arms resting on the back; eating nuts, and throwing the shells out of window as he cracked them, which he still continued to do, while speaking.

"Ay," he said, with a sulky nod. "You may deny your nephews till you die; but Chevy Slyme is Chevy Slyme still, all the world over. Perhaps even you may feel it some disgrace to your own blood to be employed in this way. I'm to be bought off."

"At every turn?" cried Martin. "Self, self, self. Every one among them for himself!"

"You had better save one or two among them the trouble then, and be for them as well as *yourself*," replied his nephew. "Look here at



me! Can you see the man of your family, who has more talent in his little finger than all the rest in their united brains, dressed as a police officer, without being ashamed? I took up with this trade on purpose to shame you. I didn't think I should have to make a capture in the family, though."

"If your debauchery, and that of your chosen friends, has really brought you to this level," returned the old man, "keep it. You are living honestly, I hope; and that's something."

"Don't be hard upon my chosen friends," returned Slyme, "for they were sometimes your chosen friends too. Don't say you never employed my friend Tigg, for I know better. We quarrelled upon it."

"I hired the fellow," retorted Mr. Chuzzlewit, "and I paid him."

"It's well you paid him," said his nephew, "for it would be too late to do so now. He has given his receipt in full: or had it forced from him rather."

The old man looked at him as if he were curious to know what he meant, but scorned to prolong their conversation.

"I have always expected that he and I would be brought together again in the course of business," said Slyme, taking a fresh handful of nuts from his pocket, "but I thought he would be wanted for some swindling job: it never entered my head that I should hold a warrant for the apprehension of his murderer."

"His murderer!" cried Mr. Chuzzlewit, looking from one to another.

"His or Mr. Montague's," said Nadgett. "They are the same, I am told. I accuse him yonder of the murder of Mr. Montague, who was found last night, killed, in a wood. You will ask me why I accuse him, as you have already asked me how I know so much. I'll tell you. It can't remain a secret long."

The ruling passion of the man expressed itself even then, in the tone of regret in which he deplored the approaching publicity of what he knew.

"I told you I had watched him," he proceeded. "I was instructed to do so by Mr. Montague, in whose employment I have been for some time. We had our suspicions of him; and you know what they pointed at, for you have been discussing it since we have been waiting here, outside the room. If you care to hear, now it's all over, in what our suspicions began, I'll tell you plainly: in a quarrel (it first came to our ears through a hint of his own) between him and another office in which his father's life was insured, and which had so much doubt and distrust upon the subject, that he compounded with them, and took half the money; and was glad to do it. Bit by bit, I ferreted out more circumstances against him, and not a few. It required a little patience; but it's my calling. I found the nurse—here she is to confirm me; I found the doctor, I found the undertaker, I found the undertaker's man. I found out how the old gentleman there, Mr. Chuffey, had behaved at the funeral; and I found out what this man," touching Lewsome on the arm, "had talked about in his fever. I found out how he conducted himself before his father's death, and how since, and how at the time; and writing it all down, and putting it carefully together, made case enough, for Mr. Montague to tax him with the crime, which (as he

himself believed until to-night) he had committed. I was by when this was done. You see him now. He is only worse than he was then."

Oh, miserable, miserable fool! oh, insupportable, excruciating torture! To find alive and active—a party to it all—the brain and right-hand of the secret he had thought to crush! In whom, though he had walled the murdered man up, by enchantment in a rock, the story would have lived and walked abroad! He tried to stop his ears with his fettered arms, that he might shut out the rest.

As he crouched upon the floor, they drew away from him as if a pestilence were in his breath. They fell off, one by one, from that part of the room, leaving him alone upon the ground. Even those who had him in their keeping shunned him, and (with the exception of Slyme, who was still occupied with his nuts) kept apart.

"From that garret-window opposite," said Nadgett, pointing across the narrow street, "I have watched this house and him for days and nights. From that garret-window opposite I saw him return home, alone, from a journey on which he had set out with Mr. Montague. That was my token that Mr. Montague's end was gained; and I might rest easy on my watch, though I was not to leave it until he dismissed me. But, standing at the door opposite, after dark that same night, I saw a countryman steal out of this house, by a side-door in the court, who had never entered it. I knew his walk, and that it was himself, disguised. I followed him immediately. I lost him on the western road, still travelling westward."

Jonas looked up at him for an instant, and muttered an oath.

"I could not comprehend what this meant," said Nadgett; "but, having seen so much, I resolved to see it out, and through. And I did. Learning, on inquiry at his house from his wife, that he was supposed to be sleeping in the room from which I had seen him go out, and that he had given strict orders not to be disturbed, I knew that he was coming back; and for his coming back I watched. I kept my watch in the street—in doorways, and such places—all that night; at the same window, all next day; and when night came on again, in the street once more. For I knew he would come back, as he had gone out, when this part of the town was empty. He did. Early in the morning, the same countryman came creeping, creeping, creeping home."

"Look sharp!" interposed Slyme, who had now finished his nuts. "This is quite irregular, Mr. Nadgett."

"I kept at the window all day," said Nadgett, without heeding him. "I think I never closed my eyes. At night, I saw him come out with a bundle. I followed him again. He went down the steps at London Bridge, and sunk it in the river. I now began to entertain some serious fears, and made a communication to the Police, which caused that bundle to be—"

"To be fished up," interrupted Slyme. "Be alive, Mr. Nadgett."

"It contained the dress I had seen him wear," said Nadgett; "stained with clay, and spotted with blood. Information of the murder was received in town last night. The wearer of that dress is already known to have been seen near the place; to have been lurking in that neighbourhood; and to have alighted from a coach coming from that part of



the country, at a time exactly tallying with the very minute when I saw him returning home. The warrant has been out, and these officers have been with me some hours. We chose our time; and seeing you come in, and seeing this person at the window—”

“Beckoned to him,” said Mark, taking up the thread of the narrative, on hearing this allusion to himself, “to open the door; which he did with a deal of pleasure.”

“That’s all at present,” said Nadgett, putting up his great pocket-book, which from mere habit he had produced when he began his revelation, and had kept in his hand all the time; “but there is plenty more to come. You asked me for the facts so far; I have related them, and need not detain these gentlemen any longer. Are you ready, Mr. Slyme?”

“And something more,” replied that worthy, rising. “If you walk round to the office, we shall be there as soon as you. Tom! Get a coach!”

The officer to whom he spoke departed for that purpose. Old Martin lingered for a few moments, as if he would have addressed some words to Jonas; but looking round, and seeing him still seated on the floor, rocking himself in a savage manner to and fro, took Chuffey’s arm, and slowly followed Nadgett out. John Westlock and Mark Tapley accompanied them. Mrs. Gamp had tottered out first, for the better display of her feelings, in a kind of walking swoon; for Mrs. Gamp performed swoons of different sorts, upon a moderate notice, as Mr. Mould did Funerals.

“Ha!” muttered Slyme, looking after them. “Upon my soul! As insensible of being disgraced by having such a nephew as myself, in such a situation, as he was of my being an honour and a credit to the family! That’s the return I get for having humbled my spirit—such a spirit as mine—to earn a livelihood, is it?”

He got up from his chair, and kicked it away indignantly.

“And such a livelihood too! When there are hundreds of men, not fit to hold a candle to me, rolling in carriages and living on their fortunes. Upon my soul it’s a nice world!”

His eyes encountered Jonas, who looked earnestly towards him, and moved his lips as if he were whispering.

“Eh?” said Slyme.

Jonas glanced at the attendant whose back was towards him, and made a clumsy motion with his bound hands towards the door.

“Humph!” said Slyme, thoughtfully. “I could n’t hope to disgrace him into anything when you have shot so far ahead of me though. I forgot that.”

Jonas repeated the same look and gesture.

“Jack!” said Slyme.

“Hallo!” returned his man.

“Go down to the door, ready for the coach. Call out when it comes. I’d rather have you there. Now then,” he added, turning hastily to Jonas, when the man was gone. “What’s the matter?”

Jonas essayed to rise.

“Stop a bit,” said Slyme. “It’s not so easy when your wrists are tight together. Now then! Up! What is it?”

“Put your hand in my pocket. Here! The breast-pocket, on the left!” said Jonas.

He did so ; and drew out a purse.

"There's a hundred pound in it," said Jonas, whose words were almost unintelligible ; as his face, in its pallor and agony, was scarcely human. Slyme looked at him ; gave it into his hands ; and shook his head.

"I can't. I daren't. I couldn't if I dared. Those fellows below ——"

"Escape's impossible," said Jonas. "I know it. One hundred pound for only five minutes in the next room!"

"What to do!" he asked.

The face of his prisoner as he advanced to whisper in his ear, made him recoil involuntarily. But he stopped and listened to him. The words were few, but his own face changed as he heard them.

"I have it about me," said Jonas, putting his hands to his throat, as though whatever he referred to, were hidden in his neck-kerchief. "How should you know of it? How could you know? A hundred pound for only five minutes in the next room! The time's passing. Speak!"

"It would be more—more creditable to the family," observed Slyme, with trembling lips. "I wish you had n't told me half so much. Less would have served your purpose. You might have kept it to yourself."

"A hundred pound for only five minutes in the next room! Speak!" cried Jonas, desperately.

He took the purse. Jonas with a wild unsteady step, retreated to the door in the glass partition.

"Stop!" cried Slyme, catching at his skirts. "I don't know about this. Yet it must end so at last. Are you guilty?"

"Yes!" said Jonas.

"Are the proofs as they were told just now?"

"Yes!" said Jonas.

"Will you—will you engage to say a—*a Prayer*, or something of that sort?" faltered Slyme.

Jonas broke from him without replying, and closed the door between them.

Slyme listened at the keyhole. After that, he crept away on tiptoe, as far off as he could ; and looked awfully towards the place. He was roused by the arrival of the coach, and their letting down the steps.

"He's getting a few things together," he said, leaning out of window, and speaking to the two men below, who stood in the full light of a street-lamp. "Keep your eye upon the back, one of you, for form's sake."

One of the men withdrew into the court. The other, seating himself on the steps of the coach, remained in conversation with Slyme at the window: who perhaps had risen to be his superior, in virtue of his old propensity (once so much lauded by the murdered man) of being always round the corner. A useful habit in his present calling.

"Where is he?" asked the man.

Slyme looked into the room for an instant and gave his head a jerk, as much as to say, "Close at hand. I see him."

"He's booked," observed the man.

"Through," said Slyme.

They looked at each other, and up and down the street. The man on the coach-steps took his hat off, and put it on again, and whistled a little.



"I say! he's taking his time!" he remonstrated.

"I allowed him five minutes," said Slyme. "Time's more than up, though. I'll bring him down."

He withdrew from the window accordingly, and walked on tiptoe to the door in the partition. He listened. There was not a sound within. He set the candles near it, that they might shine through the glass.

It was not easy, he found, to make up his mind to the opening of the door. But he flung it wide open suddenly, and with a noise; then retreated. After peeping in and listening again, he entered.

He started back as his eyes met those of Jonas, standing in an angle of the wall, and staring at him. His neck-kerchief was off; his face was ashy pale.

"You're too soon," said Jonas, with an abject whimper. "I've not had time. I have not been able to do it. I—five minutes more—two minutes more!—Only one!"

Slyme gave him no reply, but thrusting the purse upon him and forcing it back into his pocket, called up his men.

He whined, and cried, and cursed, and entreated them, and struggled, and submitted, in the same breath, and had no power to stand. But they got him away and into the coach, where they put him on a seat, but he soon fell moaning down among the straw at the bottom, and lay there.

The two men were with him; Slyme being on the box with the driver; and they let him lie. Happening to pass a fruiterer's on their way; the door of which was open, though the shop was by this time shut; one of them remarked how faint the peaches smelt.

The other assented at the moment, but presently stooped down in quick alarm, and looked at the prisoner.

"Stop the coach! He has poisoned himself! The smell comes from this bottle in his hand!"

The hand had shut upon it tight. With that rigidity of grasp with which no living man, in the full strength and energy of life, can clutch a prize he has won.

They dragged him out, into the dark street; but jury, judge, and hangman could have done no more, and could do nothing now. Dead, dead, dead.

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## CHAPTER LII.

IN WHICH THE TABLES ARE TURNED, COMPLETELY UPSIDE DOWN.

OLD MARTIN'S cherished projects, so long hidden in his own breast, so frequently in danger of abrupt disclosure through the bursting forth of the indignation he had hoarded up, during his residence with Mr. Pecksniff, were retarded, but not beyond a few hours, by the occurrences just now related. Stunned, as he had been at first by the intelligence conveyed to him through Tom Pinch and John Westlock, of the supposed manner of his brother's death; overwhelmed as he was by the subsequent

narratives of Chuffey and Nadgett, and the forging of that chain of circumstances ending in the death of Jonas, of which catastrophe he was immediately informed ; scattered as his purposes and hopes were for the moment, by the crowding in of all these incidents between him and his end ; still their very intensity and the tumult of their assemblage nerved him to the rapid and unyielding execution of his scheme. In every single circumstance, whether it were cruel, cowardly, or false, he saw the flowering of the same pregnant seed. Self ; grasping, eager, narrow-ranging, over-reaching self ; with its long train of suspicions, lusts, deceits, and all their growing consequences ; was the root of the vile tree. Mr. Pecksniff had so presented his character before the old man's eyes, that he—the good, the tolerant, enduring Pecksniff—had become the incarnation of all selfishness and treachery ; and the more odious the shapes in which those vices ranged themselves before him now, the sterner consolation he had in his design of setting Mr. Pecksniff right, and Mr. Pecksniff's victims too.

To this work he brought, not only the energy and determination natural to his character (which, as the reader may have observed in the beginning of his or her acquaintance with this gentleman, was remarkable for the strong development of those qualities), but all the forced and unnaturally nurtured energy consequent upon their long suppression. And these two tides of resolution setting into one and sweeping on, became so strong and vigorous, that, to prevent themselves from being carried away before it, Heaven knows where, was as much as John Westlock and Mark Tapley together (though they were tolerably energetic too), could manage to effect.

He had sent for John Westlock immediately on his arrival ; and John, under the conduct of Tom Pinch, had waited on him. Having a lively recollection of Mr. Tapley, he had caused that gentleman's attendance to be secured, through John's means, without delay ; and thus, as we have seen, they had all repaired, together, to the city. But his grandson he had refused to see until to-morrow, when Mr. Tapley was instructed to summon him to the Temple at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Tom he would not allow to be employed in anything, lest he should be wrongfully suspected ; but he was a party to all their proceedings, and was with them until late at night—until after they knew of the death of Jonas ; when he went home to tell all these wonders to little Ruth, and to prepare her for accompanying him to the Temple in the morning, agreeably to Mr. Chuzzlewit's particular injunction.

It was characteristic of old Martin, and his looking on to something which he had distinctly before him, that he communicated to them nothing of his intentions, beyond such hints of reprisal on Mr. Pecksniff as they gathered from the game he had played in that gentleman's house, and the brightening of his eyes whenever his name was mentioned. Even to John Westlock, in whom he was evidently disposed to place great confidence (which may indeed be said of every one of them), he gave no explanation whatever. He merely requested him to return in the morning ; and with this for their utmost satisfaction, they left him, when the night was far advanced, alone.

The events of such a day might have worn out the body and spirit of



a much younger man than he, but he sat in deep and painful meditation until the morning was bright. Nor did he even then seek any prolonged repose, but merely slumbered in his chair, until seven o'clock, when Mr. Tapley had appointed to come to him by his desire : and came—as fresh and clean and cheerful as the morning itself.

"You are punctual," said Mr. Chuzzlewit, opening the door to him in reply to his light knock, which had roused him instantly.

"My wishes, Sir," replied Mr. Tapley, whose mind would appear from the context to have been running on the matrimonial service, "is to love, honour, and obey. The clock's a striking now, Sir."

"Come in !"

"Thank'ee, Sir," rejoined Mr. Tapley, "what could I do for you first, Sir ?"

"You gave my message to Martin ?" said the old man bending his eyes upon him.

"I did, Sir," returned Mark ; "and you never see a gentleman more surprised in all your born days than he was."

"What more did you tell him ?" Mr. Chuzzlewit inquired.

"Why, Sir," said Mr. Tapley, smiling, "I should have liked to tell him a deal more, but not being able, Sir, I did n't tell it him."

"You told him all you knew ?"

"But it was precious little, Sir," retorted Mr. Tapley. "There was very little respectin' you that I was able to tell him, Sir. I only mentioned my opinion that Mr. Pecksniff would find himself deceived, Sir, and that you would find yourself deceived, and that he would find himself deceived, Sir."

"In what ?" asked Mr. Chuzzlewit.

"Meaning him, Sir ?"

"Meaning both him and me."

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Tapley. "In your old opinions of each other. As to him, Sir, and his opinions, I know he's a altered man. I know it. I know'd it long afore he spoke to you t'other day, and I must say it. Nobody don't know half as much of him as I do. Nobody can't. There was always a deal of good in him, but a little of it got crusted over somehow. I can't say who rolled the paste of that 'ere crust myself, but ——"

"Go on," said Martin. "Why do you stop ?"

"But it—well ! I beg your pardon, but I think it may have been you, Sir. Unintentional I think it may have been you. I don't believe that neither of you gave the other quite a fair chance. There ! Now I've got rid on it," said Mr. Tapley in a fit of desperation : "I can't go a carryin' it about in my own mind, bustin' myself with it ; yesterday was quite long enough. It's out now. I can't help it. I'm sorry for it. Don't wisit it on him, Sir, that's all."

It was clear that Mark expected to be ordered out immediately, and was quite prepared to go.

"So you think," said Martin, "that his old faults are, in some degree, of my creation, do you ?"

"Well, Sir," retorted Mr. Tapley, "I'm verry sorry, but I can't unsay it. It's hardly fair of you, Sir, to make a ignorant man convict himself

in this way, but I do think so. I am as respectful disposed to you, Sir, as a man can be ; but I *do* think so."

The light of a faint smile seemed to break through the dull steadiness of Martin's face, as he looked attentively at him, without replying.

"Yet you are an ignorant man, you say," he observed, after a long pause.

"Wery much so," Mr. Tapley replied.

"And I a learned, well-instructed man, you think?"

"Likewise wery much so," Mr. Tapley answered.

The old man, with his chin resting on his hand, paced the room twice or thrice before he added :

"You have left him this morning?"

"Come straight from him now, Sir."

"For what : does he suppose?"

"He don't know wot to suppose, Sir, no more than myself. I told him jest wot passed yesterday, Sir, and that you had said to me, 'Can you be here by seven in the morning?' and that you had said to him, through me, 'Can you be here by ten in the morning?' and that I had said 'Yes' to both. That's all, Sir."

His frankness was so genuine that it plainly *was* all.

"Perhaps," said Martin, "he may think you are going to desert him, and to serve me?"

"I have served him in that sort of way, Sir," replied Mark, without the loss of any atom of his self-possession ; "and we have been that sort of companions in misfortune ; that my opinion is, he don't believe a word on it. No more than you do, Sir."

"Will you help me to dress ? and get me some breakfast from the hotel?" asked Martin.

"With pleasure, Sir," said Mark.

"And by-and-by," pursued Martin, "remaining in the room, as I wish you to do, will you attend to the door yonder—give admission to visitors, I mean, when they knock."

"Certainly, Sir," said Mr. Tapley.

"You will not find it necessary to express surprise at their appearance," Martin suggested.

"Oh dear, no, Sir!" said Mr. Tapley, "not at all."

Although he pledged himself to this with perfect confidence, he was in a state of unbounded astonishment even now. Martin appeared to observe it, and to have some sense of the ludicrous bearing of Mr. Tapley under these perplexing circumstances ; for in spite of the composure of his voice and the gravity of his face, the same indistinct light flickered on the latter several times. Mark bestirred himself, however, to execute the offices with which he was entrusted ; and soon lost all tendency to any outward expression of his surprise, in the occupation of being brisk and busy.

But when he had put Mr. Chuzzlewit's clothes in good order for dressing, and when that gentleman was dressed and sitting at his breakfast, Mr. Tapley's feelings of wonder began to return upon him with great violence ; and, standing beside the old man with a napkin under his arm (it was as natural and easy a joke to Mark to be a butler in



the Temple, as it had been to volunteer as cook on board the *Screw*), he found it difficult to resist the temptation of casting sidelong glances at him very often. Nay, he found it impossible; and accordingly yielded to this impulse so often, that Martin caught him in the fact some fifty times. The extraordinary things Mr. Tapley did with his own face when any of these detections occurred; the sudden occasions he had to rub his eyes or his nose or his chin; the look of wisdom with which he immediately plunged into the deepest thought, or became intensely interested in the habits and customs of the flies upon the ceiling, or the sparrows out of doors; or the overwhelming politeness with which he endeavoured to hide his confusion by handing the muffin; may not unreasonably be assumed to have exercised the utmost power of feature that even Martin Chuzzlewit the elder possessed.

But he sat perfectly quiet and took his breakfast at his leisure, or made a show of doing so, for he scarcely ate or drank, and frequently lapsed into long intervals of musing. When he had finished, Mark sat down to his breakfast at the same table; and Mr. Chuzzlewit, quite silent still, walked up and down the room.

Mark cleared away in due course, and set a chair out for him, in which, as the time drew on towards ten o'clock, he took his seat, leaning his hands upon his stick, and clenching them upon the handle, and resting his chin on them again. All his impatience and abstraction of manner had vanished now; and as he sat there, looking, with his keen eyes, steadily towards the door, Mark could not help thinking what a firm, square, powerful face it was; or exulting in the thought that Mr. Pecksniff, after playing a pretty long game of bowls with its owner, seemed to be at last in a very fair way of coming in for a rubber or two.

Mark's uncertainty in respect of what was going to be done or said, and by whom to whom, would have excited him in itself. But knowing for a certainty, besides, that young Martin was coming, and in a very few minutes must arrive, he found it by no means easy to remain quiet and silent. But, excepting that he occasionally coughed in a hollow and unnatural manner to relieve himself, he behaved with great decorum through the longest ten minutes he had ever known.

A knock at the door. Mr. Westlock. Mr. Tapley, in admitting him, raised his eyebrows to the highest possible pitch, implying thereby that he considered himself in an unsatisfactory position. Mr. Chuzzlewit received him very courteously.

Mark waited at the door for Tom Pinch and his sister, who were coming up the stairs. The old man went to meet them; took her hands in his; and kissed her on the cheek. As this looked promising, Mr. Tapley smiled benignantly.

Mr. Chuzzlewit had resumed his chair, before young Martin, who was close behind them, entered. The old man, scarcely looking at him, pointed to a distant seat. This was less encouraging; and Mr. Tapley's spirits fell again.

He was quickly summoned to the door by another knock. He did not start, or cry, or tumble down, at sight of Miss Graham and Mrs. Lupin, but he drew a very long breath, and came back perfectly resigned, looking on them and on the rest with an expression which seemed to

say, that nothing could surprise him any more ; and that he was rather glad to have done with that sensation for ever.

The old man received Mary no less tenderly than he had received Tom Pinch's sister. A look of friendly recognition passed between himself and Mrs. Lupin, which implied the existence of a perfect understanding between them. It engendered no astonishment in Mr. Tapley ; for, as he afterwards observed, he had retired from the business, and sold off the stock.

Not the least curious feature in this assemblage was, that everybody present was so much surprised and embarrassed by the sight of everybody else, that nobody ventured to speak. Mr. Chuzzlewit alone broke silence.

"Set the door open, Mark !" he said ; "and come here."

Mark obeyed.

The last appointed footstep sounded now upon the stairs. They all knew it. It was Mr. Pecksniff's ; and Mr. Pecksniff was in a hurry too, for he came bounding up with such uncommon expedition that he stumbled twice or thrice.

"Where is my venerable friend !" he cried, upon the upper landing ; and then with open arms came darting in.

Old Martin merely looked at him ; but Mr. Pecksniff started back as if he had received the charge of an electric battery.

"My venerable friend is well ?" cried Mr. Pecksniff.

"Quite well."

It seemed to reassure the anxious inquirer. He clasped his hands, and, looking upward with a pious joy, silently expressed his gratitude. He then looked round on the assembled group, and shook his head reproachfully. For such a man severely, quite severely.

"Oh, vermin !" said Mr. Pecksniff. "Oh, blood-suckers ! Is it not enough that you have embittered the existence of an individual, wholly unparalleled in the biographical records of amiable persons ; but must you now, even now, when he has made his election, and reposed his trust in a Numble, but at least sincere and disinterested relative ; must you now, vermin and swarmers (I regret to make use of these strong expressions, my dear Sir, but there are times when honest indignation will not be controlled), must you now, vermin and swarmers (for I WILL repeat it), taking advantage of his unprotected state, assemble round him from all quarters, as wolves and vultures, and other animals of the feathered tribe assemble round—I will not say round carrion or a carcass, for Mr. Chuzzlewit is quite the contrary—but round their prey ; their prey ; to rifle and despoil ; gorging their voracious maws, and staining their offensive beaks, with every description of carnivorous enjoyment !"

As he stopped to fetch his breath, he waved them off, in a solemn manner, with his hand.

"Horde of unnatural plunderers and robbers !" he continued ; "Leave him ! leave him, I say ! Begone ! Abscond ! You had better be off ! Wander over the face of the earth, young Sirs, like vagabonds as you are, and do not presume to remain in a spot which is hallowed by the gray hairs of the patriarchal gentleman to whose tottering limbs I have the honour to act as an unworthy, but I hope an unassuming, prop and



staff. And you, my tender Sir," said Mr. Pecksniff, addressing himself in a tone of gentle remonstrance to the old man, "how could you ever leave me, though even for this short period! You have absented yourself, I do not doubt, upon some act of kindness to me; bless you for it: but you must not do it; you must not be so venturesome. I should really be angry with you if I could, my friend!"

He advanced with outstretched arms to take the old man's hand. But he had not seen how the hand clasped and clutched the stick within its grasp. As he came smiling on, and got within his reach, old Martin, with his burning indignation crowded into one vehement burst, and flashing out of every line and wrinkle in his face, rose up, and struck him down upon the ground.

With such a well-directed nervous blow, that down he went, as heavily and true as if the charge of a Life-Guardsman had tumbled him out of a saddle. And whether he was stunned by the shock, or only confused by the wonder and novelty of this warm reception, he did not offer to get up again; but lay there, looking about him, with a disconcerted meekness in his face so enormously ridiculous, that neither Mark Tapley nor John Westlock could repress a smile, though both were actively interposing to prevent a repetition of the blow; which the old man's gleaming eyes and vigorous attitude seemed to render one of the most probable events in the world.

"Drag him away! Take him out of my reach!" said Martin. "Or I can't help it. The strong restraint I have put upon my hands has been 'enough to palsy them. I am not master of myself, while he is within their range. Drag him away!"

Seeing that he still did not rise, Mr. Tapley, without any compromise about it, actually did drag him away, and stick him up on the floor, with his back against the opposite wall.

"Hear me, rascal!" said Mr. Chuzzlewit. "I have summoned you here to witness your own work. I have summoned you here to witness it, because I know it will be gall and wormwood to you! I have summoned you here to witness it, because I know the sight of everybody here must be a dagger in your mean false heart! What! do you know me as I am, at last!"

Mr. Pecksniff had cause to stare at him, for the triumph in his face and speech and figure was a sight to stare at.

"Look there!" said the old man, pointing at him, and appealing to the rest. "Look there! And then—Come hither, my dear Martin—look here! here! here!" At every earnest repetition of the word he pressed his grandson closer to his breast.

"The passion I felt, Martin, when I dared not do this," he said, "was in the blow I struck just now. Why did we ever part! How could we ever part! How could you ever fly from me to him!"

Martin was about to answer, but he stopped him, and went on.

"The fault was mine no less than yours. Mark has told me so to-day, and I have known it long; though not so long as I might have done. Mary, my love, come here."

As she trembled and was very pale, he sat her in his own chair, and stood beside it with her hand in his; and Martin standing by him.

"The curse of our house," said the old man, looking kindly down upon her, "has been the love of self; has ever been the love of self. How often have I said so, when I never knew that I had wrought it upon others!"

He drew one hand through Martin's arm, and standing so, between them, proceeded thus:

"You all know how I bred this orphan up, to tend me. None of you can know by what degrees I have come to regard her as a daughter; for she has won upon me, by her self-forgetfulness, her tenderness, her patience, all the goodness of her nature, when Heaven is her witness that I took but little pains to draw it forth. It blossomed without cultivation, and it ripened without heat. I cannot find it in my heart to say that I am sorry for it now, or yonder fellow might be holding up his head."

Mr. Pecksniff put his hand into his waistcoat, and slightly shook that part of him to which allusion had been made: as if to signify that it was still uppermost.

"There is a kind of selfishness," said Martin: "I have learned it in my own experience of my own breast: which is constantly upon the watch for selfishness in others; and holding others at a distance by suspicions and distrusts, wonders why they don't approach, and don't confide, and calls that selfishness in them. Thus I once doubted those about me—not without reason in the beginning—and thus I once doubted you, Martin."

"Not without reason," Martin answered; "either."

"Listen, hypocrite! Listen, smooth-tongued, servile, crawling knave!" said Martin. "Listen, you shallow dog. What! When I was seeking him, you had already spread your nets; you were already fishing for him, were ye? When I lay ill in this good woman's house, and your meek spirit pleaded for my grandson, you had already caught him, had ye? Counting on the restoration of the love you knew I bore him, you designed him for one of your two daughters, did ye? Or failing that, you traded in him as a speculation which at any rate should blind me with the lustre of your charity, and found a claim upon me! Why, even then I knew you, and I told you so. Did I tell you that I knew you, even then?"

"I am not angry, Sir," said Mr. Pecksniff, softly. "I can bear a great deal from you. I will never contradict you, Mr. Chuzzlewit."

"Observe!" said Martin, looking round. "I put myself in that man's hands on terms as mean and base, and as degrading to himself as I could render them in words. I stated them at length to him, before his own children, syllable by syllable, as coarsely as I could, and with as much offence, and with as plain an exposition of my contempt, as words—not looks and manner merely—could convey. If I had only called the angry blood into his face, I would have wavered in my purpose. If I had only stung him into being a man for a minute I would have abandoned it. If he had offered me one word of remonstrance, in favour of the grandson whom he supposed I had disinherited; if he had pleaded with me, though never so faintly, against my appeal to him to abandon him to misery and cast him from his house; I think I could have borne with him for ever afterwards. But not a word, not



a word. Pandering to the worst of human passions was the office of his nature ; and faithfully he did his work ! ”

“ I am not angry,” observed Mr. Pecksniff. “ I am hurt, Mr. Chuzzlewit : wounded in my feelings : but I am not angry, my good Sir.”

Mr. Chuzzlewit resumed.

“ Once resolved to try him, I was resolute to pursue the trial to the end ; but while I was bent on fathoming the depth of his duplicity, I made a sacred compact with myself that I would give him credit on the other side for any latent spark of goodness, honour, forbearance—any virtue—that might glimmer in him. From first to last, there has been no such thing. Not once. He cannot say I have not given him opportunity. He cannot say I have ever led him on. He cannot say I have not left him freely to himself in all things ; or that I have not been a passive instrument in his hands, which he might have used for good as easily as evil. Or if he can, he Lies ! And that’s his nature too.”

“ Mr. Chuzzlewit,” interrupted Pecksniff, shedding tears. “ I am not angry, Sir. I cannot be angry with you. But did you never, my dear Sir, express a desire that the unnatural young man who by his wicked arts has estranged your good opinion from me, for the time being : only for the time being : that your grandson, Mr. Chuzzlewit, should be dismissed my house ? Recollect yourself, my christian friend.”

“ I have said so, have I not ? ” retorted the old man sternly. “ I could not tell how far your specious hypocrisy had deceived him, knave ; and knew no better way of opening his eyes than by presenting you before him in your own servile character. Yes. I did express that desire. And you leaped to meet it ; and you met it ; and turning in an instant on the hand you had licked and beslavered, as only such hounds can, you strengthened, and confirmed, and justified me in my scheme.”

Mr. Pecksniff made a bow ; a submissive, not to say, a grovelling and an abject bow. If he had been complimented on his practice of the loftiest virtues, he never could have bowed as he bowed then.

“ The wretched man who has been murdered,” Mr. Chuzzlewit went on to say ; “ then passing by the name of —— ”

“ Tigg,” suggested Mark.

“ Of Tigg ; brought begging messages to me, on behalf of a friend of his, and an unworthy relative of mine ; and finding him a man well enough suited to my purpose, I employed him to glean some news of you, Martin, for me. It was from him I learned that you had taken up your abode with yonder fellow. It was he, who meeting you here, in town, one evening—you remember where ? ”

“ At the pawnbroker’s shop,” said Martin.

“ Yes ; watched you to your lodging, and enabled me to send you a Bank note.”

“ I lately thought,” said Martin, greatly moved, “ that it had come from you. I little thought that you were interested in my fate. If I had —— ”

“ If you had,” returned the old man, sorrowfully, “ you would have shewn less knowledge of me as I seemed to be, and as I really was. I hoped to bring you back, Martin, penitent and humbled. I hoped to distress you into coming back to me. Much as I loved you, I had that

to acknowledge which I could not reconcile it to myself to avow, then, unless you made submission to me, first. Thus it was I lost you. If I have had, indirectly, any act or part in the fate of that unhappy man, by putting means, however small, within his reach; Heaven forgive me! I might have known, perhaps, that he would misuse money; that it was ill bestowed upon him; and that sown by his hands, it could engender mischief only. But I never thought of him at that time, as having the disposition or ability to be a serious impostor, or otherwise than as a thoughtless, idle-humoured, dissipated spendthrift, sinning more against himself than others, and frequenting low haunts and indulging vicious tastes, to his own ruin only."

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Tapley, who had Mrs. Lupin on his arm by this time, quite agreeably; "if I may make so bold as say so, my opinion is, as you was quite correct, and that he turned out perfectly nat'ral for all that. There's a surprisin' number of men, Sir, who as long as they've only got their own shoes and stockings to depend upon, will walk down-hill, along the gutters quiet enough, and by themselves, and not do much harm. But set any on 'em up with a coach and horses, Sir; and it's wonderful what a knowledge of drivin' he'll shew, and how he'll fill his vehicle with passengers, and start off in the middle of the road, neck or nothing, to the Devil! Bless your heart, Sir, there's ever so many Tiggs a passing this here Temple-gate any hour in the day, that only want a chance, to turn out full-blown Montagues every one!"

"Your ignorance, as you call it, Mark," said Mr. Chuzzlewit, "is wiser than some men's enlightenment, and mine among them. You are right; not for the first time to-day. Now hear me out, my dears. And hear me, you, who, if what I have been told be accurately stated, are Bankrupt in pocket no less than in good name! And when you have heard me, leave this place, and poison my sight no more!"

Mr. Pecksniff laid his hand upon his breast, and bowed again.

"The penance I have done in his house," said Mr. Chuzzlewit, "has carried this reflection with it constantly, above all others. That if it had pleased Heaven to visit such infirmity on my old age as really had reduced me to the state in which I feigned to be, I should have brought its misery upon myself. Oh you whose wealth, like mine, has been a source of continual unhappiness, leading you to distrust the nearest and dearest, and to dig yourself a living grave of suspicion and reserve; take heed that, having cast off all whom you might have bound to you, and tenderly, you do not become in your decay the instrument of such a man as this, and waken in another world to the knowledge of such wrong, as would embitter Heaven itself, if wrong or you could ever reach it!"

And then he told them, how he had sometimes thought, in the beginning, that love might grow up between Mary and Martin; and how he had pleased his fancy with the picture of observing it when it was new, and taking them to task, apart, in counterfeited doubt, and then confessing to them that it had been an object dear to his heart; and by his sympathy with them, and generous provision for their young fortunes, establishing a claim on their affection and regard which nothing



should wither, and which should surround his old age with means of happiness. How in the first dawn of this design, and when the pleasure of such a scheme for the happiness of others was new and indistinct within him, Martin had come to tell him that he had already chosen for himself; knowing that he, the old man, had some faint project on that head, but ignorant whom it concerned. How it was little comfort to him to know that Martin had chosen Her, because the grace of his design was lost, and because, finding that she had returned his love, he tortured himself with the reflection that they, so young, to whom he had been so kind a benefactor, were already like the world, and bent on their own selfish, stealthy ends. How in the bitterness of this impression, and of his past experience, he had reproached Martin so harshly (forgetting that he had never invited his confidence on such a point, and confounding what he had meant to do with what he had done), that high words sprung up between them, and they separated in wrath. How he loved him still, and hoped he would return. How on the night of his illness at the Dragon, he had secretly written tenderly of him, and made him his heir, and sanctioned his marriage with Mary; and how, after his interview with Mr. Pecksniff, he had distrusted him again, and burnt the paper to ashes, and had lain down in his bed distracted by suspicions, doubts, and regrets.

And then he told them how, resolved to probe this Pecksniff, and to prove the constancy and truth of Mary (to himself no less than Martin), he had conceived and entered on his plan; and how, beneath her gentleness and patience, he had softened more and more; still more and more beneath the goodness and simplicity, the honour and the manly faith of Tom. And when he spoke of Tom, he said God bless him! and the tears were in his eyes; for he said that Tom, mistrusted and disliked by him at first, had come like summer rain upon his heart; and had disposed it to believe in better things. And Martin took him by the hand, and Mary too, and John, his old friend, stoutly too; and Mark, and Mrs. Lupin, and his sister, little Ruth. And peace of mind, deep, tranquil peace of mind, was in Tom's heart.

The old man then related how nobly Mr. Pecksniff had performed the duty in which he stood indebted to society, in the matter of Tom's dismissal; and how, having often heard disparagement of Mr. Westlock from Pecksniffian lips, and knowing him to be a friend to Tom, he had used, through his confidential agent and solicitor, that little artifice which had kept him in readiness to receive his unknown friend in London. And he called on Mr. Pecksniff (by the name of Scoundrel) to remember that there again he had not trapped him to do evil, but that he had done it of his own free will and agency; nay, that he had cautioned him against it. And once again he called on Mr. Pecksniff (by the name of Hangdog) to remember that when Martin coming home at last, an altered man, had sued for the forgiveness which awaited him, he, Pecksniff, had rejected him in language of his own, and had remorselessly stepped in between him and the least touch of natural tenderness. "For which," said the old man, "if the bending of my finger would remove a halter from your neck, I would n't bend it!"

"Martin," he added, "your rival has not been a dangerous one, but

Mrs. Lupin here, has played duenna for some weeks ; not so much to watch your love as to watch her lover. For that Ghoul—"his fertility in finding names for Mr. Pecksniff was astonishing—"would have crawled into her daily walks otherwise, and polluted the fresh air. What's this? Her hand is trembling strangely. See if you can hold it."

Hold it! If he clasped it half as tightly as he did her waist.—Well, well! That's dangerous.

But it was good in him that even then, in his high fortune and happiness, with her lips nearly printed on his own, and her proud young beauty in his close embrace, he had a hand still left to stretch out to Tom Pinch.

"Oh, Tom! Dear Tom! I saw you, accidentally, coming here. Forgive me!"

"Forgive!" cried Tom. "I'll never forgive you as long as I live, Martin, if you say another syllable about it. Joy to you both! Joy, my dear fellow, fifty thousand times."

Joy! There is not a blessing on earth that Tom did not wish them. There is not a blessing on earth that Tom would not have bestowed upon them, if he could.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Tapley, stepping forward; "but you was mentionin', just now, a lady of the name of Lupin, Sir."

"I was," returned old Martin.

"Yes, Sir. It's a pretty name, Sir?"

"A very good name," said Martin.

"It seems a'most a pity to change such a name into Tapley. Don't it, Sir?" said Mark.

"That depends upon the lady. What is *her* opinion?"

"Why, Sir," said Mr. Tapley, retiring, with a bow, towards the buxom hostess, "her opinion is as the name ain't a change for the better, but the individual may be; and therefore, if nobody ain't acquainted with no jest cause or impediment, et cetera, the Blue Dragon will be con-werted into the Jolly Tapley. A sign of my own invention, Sir. Very new, convivial, and expressive!"

The whole of these proceedings were so agreeable to Mr. Pecksniff, that he stood with his eyes fixed upon the floor and his hands clasping one another alternately, as if a host of penal sentences were being passed upon him. Not only did his figure appear to have shrunk, but his discomfiture seemed to have extended itself, even to his dress. His clothes seemed to have grown shabbier, his linen to have turned yellow, his hair to have become lank and frowzy; his very boots looked villanous and dim, as if their gloss had departed with his own.

Feeling, rather than seeing, that the old man now pointed to the door, he raised his eyes, picked up his hat, and thus addressed him:

"Mr. Chuzzlewit, Sir! you have partaken of my hospitality."

"And paid for it," he observed.

"Thank you. That savours," said Mr. Pecksniff, taking out his pocket-handkerchief, "of your old familiar frankness. You have paid for it. I was about to make the remark. You have deceived me, Sir. Thank you again. I am glad of it. To see you in the possession of your health and faculties on any terms, is, in itself, a sufficient recom-



pense. To have been deceived, implies a trusting nature. Mine is a trusting nature. I am thankful for it. I would rather have a trusting nature, do you know, Sir, than a doubting one !”

Here Mr. Pecksniff, with a sad smile, bowed, and wiped his eyes.

“There is hardly any person present, Mr. Chuzzlewit,” said Pecksniff, “by whom I have *not* been deceived. I have forgiven\* those persons on the spot. That was my duty ; and, of course, I have done it. Whether it was worthy of you to partake of my hospitality, and to act the part you did act in my house ; that, Sir, is a question which I leave to your own conscience. And your conscience does not acquit you. No, Sir, no !”

Pronouncing these last words in a loud and solemn voice, Mr. Pecksniff was not so absolutely lost in his own fervour as to be unmindful of the expediency of getting a little nearer to the door.

“I have been struck this day,” said Mr. Pecksniff, “with a walking-stick, which I have every reason to believe has knobs upon it : on that delicate and exquisite portion of the human anatomy, the brain. Several blows have been inflicted, Sir, without a walking-stick, upon that tenderer portion of my frame : my heart. You have mentioned, Sir, my being bankrupt in my purse. Yes, Sir, I am. By an unfortunate speculation, combined with treachery, I find myself reduced to poverty ; at a time, Sir, when the child of my bosom is widowed, and affliction and disgrace are in my family.”

Here Mr. Pecksniff wiped his eyes again, and gave himself two or three little knocks upon the breast, as if he were answering two or three other little knocks from within, given by the tinkling hammer of his conscience, to express “Cheer up, my boy !”

“I know the human mind, although I trust it. That is my weakness. Do I not know, Sir ;” here he became exceedingly plaintive, and was observed to glance towards Tom Pinch ; “that my misfortunes bring this treatment on me ? Do I not know, Sir, that but for them I never should have heard what I have heard to-day ? Do I not know, that in the silence and the solitude of night, a little voice will whisper in your ear, Mr. Chuzzlewit, ‘This was not well. This was not well, Sir !’ Think of this, Sir (if you will have the goodness), remote from the impulses of passion, and apart from the specialities, if I may use that strong remark, of prejudice. And if you ever contemplate the silent tomb, Sir, which you will excuse me for entertaining some doubt of your doing, after the conduct into which you have allowed yourself to be betrayed this day ; if you ever contemplate the silent tomb, Sir, think of me. If you find yourself approaching to the silent tomb, Sir, think of me. If you should wish to have anything inscribed upon your silent tomb, Sir, let it be, that I—ah, my remorseful Sir ! that I—the humble individual who has now the honour of reproaching you : forgave you. That I forgave you when my injuries were fresh, and when my bosom was newly wrung. It may be bitterness to you to hear it now, Sir, but you will live to seek a consolation in it. May you find a consolation in it when you want it, Sir ! Good morning !”

With this sublime address Mr. Pecksniff departed. But the effect of his departure was much impaired by his being immediately afterwards run against, and nearly knocked down by, a monstrosly-excited little

man in velveteen shorts and a very tall hat ; who came bursting up the stairs, and straight into the chambers of Mr. Chuzzlewit, as if he were deranged.

"Is there anybody here that knows him?" cried the little man. "Is there anybody here that knows him? Oh, my stars, is there anybody here that knows him!"

They looked at each other for an explanation ; but nobody knew anything more than that here was an excited little man with a very tall hat on, running in and out of the room as hard as he could go ; making his single pair of bright blue stockings appear at least a dozen ; and constantly repeating, in a shrill voice, "*Is there anybody here that knows him?*"

"If your brains is not turned topjy turjey, Mr. Sweedlepipes!" exclaimed another voice, "hold that there nige of yourn, I beg you, Sir."

At the same time, Mrs. Gamp was seen in the doorway ; out of breath from coming up so many stairs, and panting fearfully ; but dropping curtsies to the last.

"Excuse the weakness of the man," said Mrs. Gamp, eyeing Mr. Sweedlepipe, with great indignation ; "and well I might expect it, as I should have know'd, and wishin he was drown'd in the Thames afore I had brought him here, which not a blessed hour ago he nearly shaved the noge off from the father of as lovely a family as ever, Mr. Chuzzlewit, was born three sets of twins, and would have done it, only he see it a goin in the glass, and dodged the rager. And never, Mr. Sweedlepipes, I do assure you, Sir, did I so well know what a misfortun it was to be acquainted with you, as now I do, which so I say, Sir, and I don't deceive you!"

"I ask your pardon, ladies and gentlemen all," cried the little barber, taking off his hat, "and yours too, Mrs. Gamp. But—but," he added this, half-laughing and half-crying, "*Is there anybody here that knows him?*"

As the barber said these words, a something in top-boots, with its head bandaged up, staggered into the room, and began going round and round and round, apparently under the impression that it was walking straight forward.

"Look at him!" cried the excited little barber. "Here he is! That'll soon wear off, and then he'll be all right again. He's no more dead than I am. He's all alive and hearty. Ain't you, Bailey?"

"R—r—reether so, Poll!" replied that gentleman.

"Look here!" cried the little barber, laughing and crying in the same breath. "When I steady him he comes all right. There! He's all right now. Nothing's the matter with him now, except that he's a little shook and rather giddy ; is there, Bailey?"

"R—r—reether shook, Poll—reether so!" said Mr. Bailey. "What, my lovely Sairey! There you air!"

"What a boy he is!" cried the tender-hearted Poll, actually sobbing over him. "I never see such a boy! It's all his fun. He's full of it. He shall go into the business along with me. I am determined he shall. We'll make it Sweedlepipe and Bailey. He shall have the sporting branch (what a one he'll be for the matches!) and me the shavin'. I'll make over the birds to him as soon as ever he's well enough. He shall



have the little bullfinch in the shop, and all. He's sech a boy! I ask your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but I thought there might be some one here that know'd him!"

Mrs. Gamp had observed, not without jealousy and scorn, that a favourable impression appeared to exist in behalf of Mr. Sweedlepipe and his young friend; and that she had fallen rather into the back-ground in consequence. She now struggled to the front, therefore, and stated her business.

"Which, Mr. Chuzzlewit," she said, "is well bekknown to Mrs. Harris as has one sweet infant (though she *do* not wish it known) in her own family by the mother's side, kep in spirits in a bottle; and that sweet babe she see at Greenwich Fair, a travellin in company vith the pink-eyed lady, Prooshan dwarf, and livin skelinton, which judge her feelins wen the barrel organ played, and she was showed her own dear sister's child, the same not bein expected from the outside picter, where it was painted quite contrairy in a livin state, a many sizes larger, and performing beautiful upon the Arp, which never did that dear child know or do: since breathe it never did, to speak on, in this wale! And Mrs. Harris, Mr. Chuzzlewit, has knowed me many year, and can give you information that the lady which is widdered can't do better and may do worse, than let me wait upon her, which I hope to do. Permittin the sweet faces as I see afore me."

"Oh!" said Mr. Chuzzlewit. "Is that your business? Was this good person paid for the trouble we gave her?"

"I paid her, Sir," returned Mark Tapley; "liberal."

"The young man's words is true," said Mrs. Gamp, "and thank you kindly."

"Then here we will close our acquaintance, Mrs. Gamp," retorted Mr. Chuzzlewit. "And Mr. Sweedlepipe—is that your name?"

"That is my name, Sir," replied Poll, accepting with a profusion of gratitude, some chinking pieces which the old man slipped into his hand.

"Mr. Sweedlepipe, take as much care of your lady-lodger as you can, and give her a word or two of good advice now and then. Such," said old Martin, looking gravely at the astonished Mrs. Gamp, "as hinting at the expediency of a little less liquor, and a little more humanity, and a little less regard for herself, and a little more regard for her patients, and perhaps a trifle of additional honesty. Or when Mrs. Gamp gets into trouble, Mr. Sweedlepipe, it had better not be at a time when I am near enough to the Old Bailey, to volunteer myself as a witness to her character. Endeavour to impress that upon her at your leisure, if you please."

Mrs. Gamp clasped her hands, turned up her eyes until they were quite invisible, threw back her bonnet for the admission of fresh air to her heated brow; and in the act of saying faintly—"Less liquor!—Sairey Gamp!—Bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it, when I am so disposed!"—fell into one of the walking swoons: in which pitiable state she was conducted forth by Mr. Sweedlepipe, who between his two patients, the swooning Mrs. Gamp and the revolving Bailey, had enough to do, poor fellow.

The old man looked about him, with a smile, until his eyes rested on Tom Pinch's sister ; when he smiled the more.

" We will all dine here together," he said ; " and as you and Mary have enough to talk of, Martin, you shall keep house for us until the afternoon, with Mr. and Mrs. Tapley. I must see your lodgings in the meanwhile, Tom."

Tom was quite delighted. So was Ruth. She would go with them.

" Thank you, my love," said Mr. Chuzzlewit. " But I am afraid I must take Tom a little out of the way, on business. Suppose you go on first, my dear ?"

Pretty little Ruth was equally delighted to do that.

" But not alone," said Martin, " not alone. Mr. Westlock, I dare say, will escort you."

Why, of course he would : what else had Mr. Westlock in his mind ? How dull these old men are !

" You are sure you have no engagement ?" he persisted.

Engagement ! As if he could have any engagement !

So they went off arm in arm. When Tom and Mr. Chuzzlewit went off arm in arm a few minutes after them, the latter was still smiling : and really, for a gentleman of his habits, in rather a knowing manner.

### CHAPTER LIII.

WHAT JOHN WESTLOCK SAID TO TOM PINCH'S SISTER ; WHAT TOM PINCH'S SISTER SAID TO JOHN WESTLOCK ; WHAT TOM PINCH SAID TO BOTH OF THEM ; AND HOW THEY ALL PASSED THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY.

BRILLIANTLY the Temple Fountain sparkled in the sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced, and peeping out in sport among the trees, plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth and her companion came towards it.

And why they came towards the Fountain at all is a mystery ; for they had no business there. It was not in their way. It was quite out of their way. They had no more to do with the Fountain, bless you, than they had with—with Love, or any out of the way thing of that sort.

It was all very well for Tom and his sister to make appointments by the Fountain, but that was quite another affair. Because, of course, when she had to wait a minute or two, it would have been very awkward for her to have had to wait in any but a tolerably quiet spot ; and that was as quiet a spot : everything considered : as they could choose. But when she had John Westlock to take care of her, and was going home with her arm in his (home being in a different direction altogether), their coming anywhere near that Fountain, was quite extraordinary.

However, there they found themselves. And another extraordinary part of the matter, was, that they seemed to have come there, by a silent understanding. Yet when they got there, they were a little con-



fused by being there, which was the strangest part of all ; because there is nothing naturally confusing in a Fountain. We all know that.

What a good old place it was ! John said. With quite an earnest affection for it.

" A pleasant place, indeed," said little Ruth. " So shady ! "

Oh wicked little Ruth !

They came to a stop when John began to praise it. The day was exquisite ; and stopping at all, it was quite natural—nothing could be more so—that they should glance down Garden Court ; because Garden Court ends in the Garden, and the Garden ends in the River, and that glimpse is very bright and fresh and shining on a summer's day. Then oh little Ruth, why not look boldly at it ! Why fit that tiny, precious, blessed little foot into the cracked corner of an insensible old flagstone in the pavement ; and be so very anxious to adjust it to a nicety !

If the Fiery faced matron in the crunched bonnet could have seen them as they walked away : how many years' purchase, might Fiery Face have been disposed to take for her situation in Farnival's Inn as laundress to Mr. Westlock !

They went away, but not through London's streets ! Through some enchanted city, where the pavements were of air ; where all the rough sounds of a stirring town were softened into gentle music ; where every thing was happy ; where there was no distance, and no time. There were two good-tempered burly draymen letting down big butts of beer into a cellar, somewhere ; and when John helped her—almost lifted her—the lightest, easiest, neatest thing you ever saw—across the rope, they said he owed them a good turn for giving him the chance. Celestial draymen !

Green pastures, in the summer tide, deep-littered straw-yards in the winter, no stint of corn and clover, ever to that noble horse who *would* dance on the pavement with a gig behind him, and who frightened her, and made her clasp his arm with both hands (both hands : meeting one upon the other, so endearingly !), and caused her to implore him to take refuge in the pastry-cook's ; and afterwards to peep out at the door so shrinkingly ; and then : looking at him with those eyes : to ask him was he sure—now was he sure—they might go safely on ! Oh for a string of rampant horses ! For a lion, for a bear, a mad bull, any thing to bring the little hands together on his arm, again !

They talked, of course. They talked of Tom, and all these changes, and the attachment Mr. Chuzzlewit had conceived for him, and the bright prospects he had in such a friend, and a great deal more to the same purpose. The more they talked, the more afraid this fluttering little Ruth became of any pause ; and sooner than have a pause she would say the same things over again ; and if she hadn't courage or presence of mind enough for that (to say the truth she very seldom had), she was ten thousand times more charming and irresistible than she had been before.

" Martin will be married very soon now, I suppose," said John.

She supposed he would. Never did a bewitching little woman suppose anything in such a faint voice as Ruth supposed that.

But feeling that another of those alarming pauses was approaching,

she remarked that he would have a beautiful wife. Didn't Mr. Westlock think so?

"Ye—yes," said John; "oh, yes."

She feared he was rather hard to please, he spoke so coldly.

"Rather say already pleased," said John. "I have scarcely seen her. I had no care to see her. I had no eyes for *her*, this morning."

Oh, good gracious!

It was well they had reached their destination. She never could have gone any further. It would have been impossible to walk in such a tremble.

Tom had not come in. They entered the triangular parlour together, and alone. Fiery Face, Fiery Face, how many years' purchase *now*!

She sat down on the little sofa, and untied her bonnet-strings. He sat down by her side, and very near her: very, very near her. Oh, rapid, swelling, bursting little heart, you knew that it would come to this, and hoped it would. Why beat so wildly, heart!

"Dear Ruth! Sweet Ruth! If I had loved you less, I could have told you that I loved you, long ago. I have loved you from the first. There never was a creature in the world more truly loved than you, dear Ruth, by me!"

She clasped her little hands before her face. The gushing tears of joy, and pride, and hope, and innocent affection, would not be restrained. Fresh from her full young heart they came to answer him.

"My dear love! If this is: I almost dare to hope it is, now; not painful or distressing to you, you make me happier than I can tell, or you imagine. Darling Ruth! My own good, gentle, winning Ruth! I hope I know the value of your heart, I hope I know the worth of your angel nature. Let me try and show you that I do; and you will make me happier, Ruth——"

"Not happier," she sobbed, "than you make me. No one can be happier, John, than you make me!"

Fiery Face, provide yourself! The usual wages, or the usual warning. It's all over, Fiery Face. We needn't trouble you any further.

The little hands could meet each other now, without a rampant horse to urge them. There was no occasion for lions, bears, or mad bulls. It could all be done, and infinitely better, without their assistance. No burly drayman, or big butts of beer, were wanted for apologies. No apology at all was wanted. The soft, light touch fell coyly, but quite naturally, upon the lover's shoulder; the delicate waist, the drooping head, the blushing cheek, the beautiful eyes, the exquisite little mouth itself, were all as natural as possible. If all the horses in Araby had run away at once, they couldn't have improved upon it.

They soon began to talk of Tom again.

"I hope he will be glad to hear of it!" said John, with sparkling eyes.

Ruth drew the little hands a little tighter when he said it, and looked up seriously into his face.

"I am never to leave him, *am* I, dear? I could never leave Tom. I am sure you know that."

"Do you think I would ask you?" he returned, with a—well! Never mind with what.



"I am sure you never would," she answered, the bright tears standing in her eyes.

"And I will swear it, Ruth, my darling, if you please. Leave Tom ! That would be a strange beginning. Leave Tom, dear ! If Tom and we be not inseparable, and Tom (God bless him) have not all honour and all love in our home, my little wife, may that home never be ! And that's a strong oath, Ruth."

Shall it be recorded how she thanked him ? Yes, it shall. In all simplicity and innocence and purity of heart, yet with a timid, graceful, half-determined hesitation, she set a little rosy seal upon the vow, whose colour was reflected in her face, and flashed up to the braiding of her dark brown hair.

"Tom will be so happy, and so proud, and glad," she said, clasping her little hands. "But so surprised ! I am sure he has never thought of such a thing."

Of course John asked her immediately—because you know they were in that foolish state when great allowances must be made—when *she* had begun to think of such a thing, and this made a little diversion in their talk ; a charming diversion to them, but not so interesting to us ; at the end of which, they came back to Tom again.

"Ah, dear Tom !" said Ruth. "I suppose I ought to tell you everything now. I should have no secrets from you. Should I John, love?"

It is of no use saying how that preposterous John answered her, because he answered in a manner which is untranslatable on paper, though highly satisfactory in itself. But what he conveyed was, No no no, sweet Ruth ; or something to that effect.

Then she told him Tom's great secret ; not exactly saying how she had found it out, but leaving him to understand it if he liked ; and John was sadly grieved to hear it, and was full of sympathy and sorrow. But they would try, he said, only the more, on this account, to make him happy, and to beguile him with his favourite pursuits. And then, in all the confidence of such a time, he told her how he had a capital opportunity of establishing himself in his old profession in the country ; and how he had been thinking, in the event of that happiness coming upon him which had actually come—there was another slight diversion here—how he had been thinking that it would afford occupation to Tom, and enable them to live together in the easiest manner, without any sense of dependence on Tom's part ; and to be as happy as the day was long : and Ruth receiving this with joy, they went on catering for Tom to that extent that they had already purchased him a select library and built him an organ, on which he was performing with the greatest satisfaction : when they heard him knocking at the door.

Though she longed to tell him what had happened, poor little Ruth was greatly agitated by his arrival ; the more so because she knew that Mr. Chuzzlewit was with him. So she said, all in a tremble :

"What shall I do, dear John ! I can't bear that he should hear it from any one but me, and I could not tell him, unless we were alone."

"Do, my love," said John, "whatever is natural to you on the impulse of the moment, and I am sure it will be right."

He had hardly time to say thus much, and Ruth had hardly time to

—just to get a little farther off—upon the sofa, when Tom and Mr. Chuzzlewit came in. Mr. Chuzzlewit came first, and Tom was a few seconds behind him.

Now Ruth had hastily resolved that she would beckon Tom up stairs after a short time, and would tell him in his little bedroom. But when she saw his dear old face come in, her heart was so touched that she ran into his arms, and laid her head down on his breast, and sobbed out, "Bless me, Tom! My dearest brother!"

Tom looked up, in surprise, and saw John Westlock close beside him, holding out his hand.

"John!" cried Tom. "John!"

"Dear Tom," said his friend, "give me your hand. We are brothers, Tom."

Tom wrung it with all his force, embraced his sister fervently, and put her in John Westlock's arms.

"Don't speak to me, John. Heaven is very good to us. I——" Tom could find no further utterance, but left the room; and Ruth went after him.

And when they came back, which they did by-and-by, she looked more beautiful, and Tom more good and true (if that were possible) than ever. And though Tom could not speak upon the subject even now: being yet too newly glad: he put both his hands in both of John's with emphasis sufficient for the best speech ever spoken.

"I am glad you chose to-day," said Mr. Chuzzlewit to John; with the same knowing smile as when they had left him. "I thought you would. I hope Tom and I lingered behind a discreet time. It's so long since I had any practical knowledge of these subjects, that I have been anxious, I assure you."

"Your knowledge is still pretty accurate, Sir," returned John laughing, "if it led you to foresee what would happen to-day."

"Why, I am not sure, Mr. Westlock," said the old man, "that any great spirit of prophesy was needed, after seeing you and Ruth together. Come hither, pretty one. See what Tom and I purchased this morning, while you were dealing in exchange with that young merchant there."

The old man's way of seating her beside him, and humouring his voice as if she were a child, was whimsical enough, but full of tenderness, and not ill adapted, somehow, to charming little Ruth.

"See here!" he said, taking a case from his pocket, "what a beautiful necklace. Ah! How it glitters! Ear-rings, too, and bracelets, and a zone for your waist. This set is yours, and Mary has another like it. Tom couldn't understand why I wanted two. What a short-sighted Tom! Ear-rings and bracelets, and a zone for your waist! Ah! beautiful! Let us see how brave they look. Ask Mr. Westlock to clasp them on."

It was the prettiest thing to see her holding out her round, white arm; and John (oh deep, deep John!) pretending that the bracelet was very hard to fasten; it was the prettiest thing to see her girding on the precious little zone, and yet obliged to have assistance because her fingers were in such terrible perplexity; it was the prettiest thing to



see her so confused and bashful, with the smiles and blushes playing brightly on her face, like the sparkling light upon the jewels ; it was the prettiest thing that you would see, in the common experiences of a twelvemonth, rely upon it.

"The set of jewels and the wearer are so well matched," said the old man, "that I don't know which becomes the other most. Mr. Westlock could tell me, I have no doubt ; but I'll not ask him for he is bribed. Health to wear them, my dear, and happiness to make you forgetful of them, except as a remembrance from a loving friend !"

He patted her upon the cheek, and said to Tom :

"I must play the part of father here, Tom, also. There are not many fathers who marry two such daughters on the same day ; but we will overlook the improbability for the gratification of an old man's fancy. I may claim that much indulgence," he added, "for I have gratified few fancies enough in my life tending to the happiness of others, Heaven knows !"

These various proceedings had occupied so much time, and they fell into such a pleasant conversation now, that it was within a quarter of an hour of the time appointed for dinner before any of them thought about it. A hackney-coach soon carried them to the Temple, however ; and there they found everything prepared for their reception.

Mr. Tapley having been furnished with unlimited credentials relative to the ordering of dinner, had so exerted himself for the honour of the party, that a prodigious banquet was served, under the joint direction of himself and his Intended. Mr. Chuzzlewit would have had them of the party, and Martin urgently seconded his wish, but Mark could by no means be persuaded to sit down at table ; observing, that in having the honour of attending to their comforts, he felt himself, indeed, the landlord of the Jolly Tapley, and could almost delude himself into the belief that the entertainment was actually being held under the Jolly Tapley's roof.

For the better encouragement of himself in this fable, Mr. Tapley took it upon him to issue divers general directions to the waiters from the Hotel, relative to the disposal of the dishes and so forth ; and as they were usually in direct opposition to all precedent, and were always issued in his most facetious form of thought and speech, they occasioned great merriment among these attendants ; in which Mr. Tapley participated, with an infinite enjoyment of his own humour. He likewise entertained them with short anecdotes of his travels, appropriate to the occasion ; and now and then with some comic passage or other between himself and Mrs. Lupin ; so that explosive laughs were constantly issuing from the sideboard, and from the backs of chairs ; and the head-waiter (who wore powder, and knee-smalls, and was usually a grave man) got to be a bright scarlet in the face, and broke his waistcoat-strings, audibly.

Young Martin sat at the head of the table, and Tom Pinch at the foot ; and if there were a genial face at that board, it was Tom's. They all took their tone from Tom. Everybody drank to him, everybody looked to him, everybody thought of him, everybody loved him. If he so much as laid down his knife and fork, somebody put out a hand to shake with him. Martin and Mary had taken him aside before dinner, and spoken to him so heartily of the time to come :

laying such fervent stress upon the trust they had in his completion of their felicity, by his society and closest friendship: that Tom was positively moved to tears. He couldn't bear it. His heart was full, he said, of happiness. And so it was. Tom spoke the honest truth. It was. Large as thy heart was, dear Tom Pinch, it had no room that day, for anything but happiness and sympathy!

And there was Fips, old Fips of Austin Friars, present at the dinner, and turning out to be the jolliest old dog that ever did violence to his convivial sentiments by shutting himself up in a dark office. "Where is he!" said Fips, when he came in. And then he pounced on Tom, and told him that he wanted to relieve himself of all his old constraint: and in the first place shook him by one hand, and in the second place shook him by the other, and in the third place nudged him in the waistcoat, and in the fourth place, said, "How *are* you!" and in a great many other places did a great many other things to shew his friendliness and joy. And he sang songs, did Fips; and made speeches, did Fips; and knocked off his wine pretty handsomely, did Fips; and, in short, he was a perfect Trump, was Fips, in all respects.

But ah! the happiness of strolling home at night—obstinate little Ruth, she wouldn't hear of riding!—as they had done on that dear night, from Furnival's Inn! The happiness of being able to talk about it, and to confide their happiness to each other! The happiness of stating all their little plans to Tom, and seeing his bright face grow brighter as they spoke!

When they reached home, Tom left John and his sister in the parlour, and went upstairs into his own room, under pretence of seeking a book. And Tom actually winked to himself, when he got upstairs: he thought it such a deep thing to have done.

"They like to be by themselves of course," said Tom; "and I came away so naturally, that I have no doubt they are expecting me, every moment, to return. That's capital!"

But he had not sat reading very long, when he heard a tap at his door.

"May I come in?" said John.

"Oh, surely!" Tom replied.

"Don't leave us, Tom. Don't sit by yourself. We want to make you merry; not melancholy."

"My dear friend," said Tom, with a cheerful smile.

"Brother, Tom. Brother."

"My dear brother," said Tom; "there is no danger of my being melancholy. How can I be melancholy, when I know that you and Ruth are so blest in each other! I think I can find my tongue to-night, John," he added, after a moment's pause. "But I never can tell you what unutterable joy this day has given me. It would be unjust to you to speak of your having chosen a portionless girl, for I feel that you know her worth; I am sure you know her worth. Nor will it diminish in your estimation, John; which money might."

"Which money would, Tom," he returned. "Her worth! Oh, who could see her here, and not love her. Who could know her, Tom, and not honour her. Who could ever stand possessed of such a heart as her's, and grow indifferent to the treasure. Who could feel the



rapture that I feel to-day, and love as I love her, Tom; without knowing something of her worth! Your joy unutterable! No, no, Tom. It's mine, it's mine."

"No, no, John," said Tom. "It's mine, it's mine."

Their friendly contention was brought to a close by little Ruth herself, who came peeping in at the door. And oh, the look, the glorious, half-proud, half-timid look she gave Tom, when her lover drew her to his side! As much as to say, "Yes indeed, Tom, he will do it. But then he has a right you know. Because I *am* fond of him, Tom."

As to Tom, he was perfectly delighted. He could have sat and looked at them, just as they were, for hours.

"I have told Tom, love; as we agreed; that we are not going to permit him to run away, and that we cannot possibly allow it. The loss of one person, and such a person as Tom, too, out of our small household of three, is not to be endured; and so I have told him. Whether he is considerate, or whether he is only selfish, I don't know. But he needn't be considerate, for he is not the least restraint upon us. Is he, dearest Ruth?"

Well! He really did not seem to be any particular restraint upon them. Judging from what ensued.

Was it folly in Tom to be so pleased by their remembrance of him, at such a time? Was their graceful love a folly, were their dear caresses follies, was their lengthened parting folly? Was it folly in him to watch her window from the street, and rate its scantiest gleam of light above all diamonds; folly in her to breathe his name upon her knees, and pour out her pure heart before that Being, from whom such hearts and such affections come!

If these be follies, then Fiery Face go on and prosper! If they be not, then Fiery Face avaunt! But set the crunched bonnet at some other single gentleman, in any case, for one is lost to thee for ever!

## CHAPTER LIV.

GIVES THE AUTHOR GREAT CONCERN. FOR IT IS THE LAST IN THE BOOK.

TODGERS'S was in high feather, and mighty preparations for a late breakfast were astir in its commercial bowers. The blissful morning had arrived when Miss Pecksniff was to be united, in holy matrimony, to Augustus.

Miss Pecksniff was in a frame of mind, equally becoming to herself and the occasion. She was full of clemency and conciliation. She had laid in several chaldrons of live coals, and was prepared to heap them on the heads of her enemies. She bore no spite or malice in her heart. Not the least.

Quarrels, Miss Pecksniff said, were dreadful things in families; and though she never could forgive her dear papa, she was willing to receive her other relations. They had been separated, she observed, too long. It was enough to call down a judgment upon the family. She believed

the death of Jonas *was* a judgment on them for their internal dissensions. And Miss Pecksniff was confirmed in this belief, by the lightness with which the visitation had fallen on herself.

By way of doing sacrifice—not in triumph; not, of course, in triumph, but in humiliation of spirit—this amiable young person wrote, therefore, to her kinswoman of the strong mind, and informed her, that her nuptials would take place on such a day. That she had been much hurt by the unnatural conduct of herself and daughters, and hoped they might not have suffered in their consciences. That being desirous to forgive her enemies, and make her peace with the world before entering into the most solemn of covenants with the most devoted of men, she now held out the hand of friendship. That if the strong-minded woman took that hand, in the temper in which it was extended to her, she, Miss Pecksniff, did invite her to be present at the ceremony of her marriage, and did furthermore invite the three red-nosed spinsters, her daughters (but Miss Pecksniff did not particularise their noses), to attend as bridesmaids.

The strong-minded woman returned for answer, that herself and daughters were, as regarded their consciences, in the enjoyment of robust health, which she knew Miss Pecksniff would be glad to hear. That she had received Miss Pecksniff's note with unalloyed delight, because she never had attached the least importance to the paltry and insignificant jealousies with which herself and circle had been assailed; otherwise than as she found them, in the contemplation, a harmless source of innocent mirth. That she would joyfully attend Miss Pecksniff's bridal; and that her three dear daughters would be happy to assist, on so interesting, and *so very unexpected*—which the strong-minded woman underlined—*so very unexpected* an occasion.

On the receipt of this gracious reply, Miss Pecksniff extended her forgiveness and her invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Spottletoe; to Mr. George Chuzzlewit the bachelor cousin; to the solitary female who usually had the toothache; and to the hairy young gentleman with the outline of a face; surviving remnants of the party that had once assembled in Mr. Pecksniff's parlour. After which Miss Pecksniff remarked, that there was a sweetness in doing our duty, which neutralised the bitter in our cups.

The wedding guests had not yet assembled, and indeed it was so early that Miss Pecksniff herself was in the act of dressing at her leisure, when a carriage stopped near the Monument; and Mark, dismounting from the rumble, assisted Mr. Chuzzlewit to alight. The carriage remained in waiting; so did Mr. Tapley. Mr. Chuzzlewit betook himself to Todgers's.

He was shown, by the degenerate successor of Mr. Bailey, into the dining-parlour; where—for his visit was expected—Mrs. Todgers immediately appeared.

"You are dressed, I see, for the wedding," he said.

Mrs. Todgers, who was greatly flurried by the preparations, replied in the affirmative.

"It goes against my wishes to have it in progress just now, I assure you, Sir," said Mrs. Todgers; "but Miss Pecksniff's mind was set upon it, and it really is time that Miss Pecksniff was married. That cannot be denied, Sir."



"No," said Mr. Chuzzlewit, "assuredly not. Her sister takes no part in the proceedings?"

"Oh dear, no, Sir. Poor thing!" said Mrs. Todgers, shaking her head, and dropping her voice. "Since she has known the worst, she has never left my room; the next room."

"Is she prepared to see me?" he inquired.

"Quite prepared, Sir."

"Then let us lose no time."

Mrs. Todgers conducted him into the little back chamber commanding the prospect of the cistern; and there, sadly different from when it had first been her lodging, sat poor Merry, in mourning weeds. The room looked very dark and sorrowful; and so did she; but she had one friend beside her, faithful to the last. Old Chuffey.

When Mr. Chuzzlewit sat down at her side, she took his hand and put it to her lips. She was in great grief. He too was agitated; for he had not seen her since their parting in the churchyard.

"I judged you hastily," he said, in a low voice. "I fear I judged you cruelly. Let me know that I have your forgiveness."

"She kissed his hand again; and retaining it in hers, thanked him, in a broken voice, for all his kindness to her, since.

"Tom Pinch," said Martin, "has faithfully related to me all that you desired him to convey; at a time when he deemed it very improbable that he would ever have an opportunity of delivering your message. Believe me, that if I ever deal again with an ill-advised and unawakened nature, hiding the strength it thinks its weakness: I will have long and merciful consideration for it."

"You had for me; even for me," she answered. "I quite believe it. I said the words you have repeated, when my distress was very sharp and hard to bear; I say them now for others; but I cannot urge them for myself. You spoke to me after you had seen and watched me day by day. There was great consideration in that. You might have spoken, perhaps, more kindly; you might have tried to invite my confidence by greater gentleness; but the end would have been the same."

He shook his head in doubt, and not without some inward self-reproach.

"How can I hope," she said, "that your interposition would have prevailed with me, when I know how obdurate I was! I never thought at all; dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, I never thought at all; I had no thought, no heart, no care to find one; at that time. It has grown out of my trouble. I have felt it in my trouble. I wouldn't recall my trouble, such as it is, and has been—and it is light in comparison with trials which hundreds of good people suffer every day, I know—I wouldn't recall it to-morrow, if I could. It has been my friend, for without it, no one could have changed me; nothing could have changed me. Do not mistrust me because of these tears; I cannot help them. I am grateful for it, in my soul. Indeed I am!"

"Indeed she is!" said Mrs. Todgers. "I believe it, Sir."

"And so do I!" said Mr. Chuzzlewit. "Now, attend to me, my dear. Your late husband's estate, if not wasted by the confession of a large debt to the broken office (which document, being useless to the runaways, has

been sent over to England by them : not so much for the sake of the creditors as for the gratification of their dislike to him, whom they suppose to be still living), will be seized upon by law ; for it is not exempt, as I learn, from the claims of those who have suffered by the fraud in which he was engaged. Your father's property was all, or nearly all, embarked in the same transaction. If there be any left, it will be seized on, in like manner. There is no home *there*."

"I couldn't return to him," she said, with an instinctive reference to his having forced her marriage on. "I could not return to him !"

"I know it," Mr. Chuzzlewit resumed : "and I am here, because I know it. Come with me ! From all who are about me, you are certain (I have ascertained it) of a generous welcome. But until your health is re-established, and you are sufficiently composed to bear that welcome, you shall have your abode in any quiet retreat of your own choosing, near London ; not so far removed but that this kind-hearted lady may still visit you as often as she pleases. You have suffered much ; but you are young, and have a brighter and a better future stretching out before you. Come with me. Your sister is careless of you, I know. She hurries on and publishes this marriage, in a spirit which (to say no more of it) is barely decent, is unsisterly, and bad. Leave the house before her guests arrive. She means to give you pain. Spare her the offence ; and come with me !"

Mrs. Todgers, though most unwilling to part with her, added her persuasions. Even poor old Chuffey (of course included in the project) added his. She hurriedly attired herself, and was ready to depart, when Miss Pecksniff dashed into the room.

Miss Pecksniff dashed in so suddenly, that she was placed in an embarrassing position. For though she had completed her bridal toilette as to her head, on which she wore a bridal bonnet with orange flowers, she had not completed it as to her skirts, which displayed no choicer decoration than a dimity bedgown. She had dashed in, in fact, about half way through, to console her sister in her affliction with a sight of the aforesaid bonnet ; and being quite unconscious of the presence of a visiter, until she found Mr. Chuzzlewit standing face to face with her, her surprise was an uncomfortable one.

"So young lady !" said the old man, eyeing her with strong disfavour. "You are to be married to-day !"

"Yes, sir," returned Miss Pecksniff, modestly. "I am : I—my dress is rather—really, Mrs. Todgers !"

"Your delicacy," said old Martin, "is troubled, I perceive. I am not surprised to find it so. You have chosen the period of your marriage, unfortunately."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Chuzzlewit," retorted Cherry ; very red and angry in a moment : "but if you have anything to say on that subject, I must beg to refer you to Augustus. You will scarcely think it manly, I hope, to force an argument on me, when Augustus is at all times ready to discuss it with you. I have nothing to do with any deceptions that may have been practised on my parent," said Miss Pecksniff, pointedly ; "and as I wish to be on good terms with everybody at such a time, I should have been glad if you would have favoured us with your company



at breakfast. But I will not ask you as it is: seeing that you have been prepossessed and set against me in another quarter. I hope I have my natural affections for another quarter, and my natural pity for another quarter; but I cannot always submit to be subservient to it, Mr. Chuzzlewit. That would be a little too much. I trust I have more respect for myself, as well as for the man who claims me as his Bride."

"Your sister, meeting, as I think: not as she says, for she has said nothing about it: with little consideration from you, is going away with me," said Mr. Chuzzlewit.

"I am very happy to find that she has some good fortune at last," returned Miss Pecksniff, tossing her head. "I congratulate her, I am sure. I am not surprised that this event should be painful to her: painful to her: but I can't help that, Mr. Chuzzlewit. It's not my fault."

"Come, Miss Pecksniff!" said the old man, quietly. "I should like to see a better parting between you. I should like to see a better parting on your side, in such circumstances. It would make me your friend. You may want a friend one day or other."

"Every relation of life, Mr. Chuzzlewit, begging your pardon: and every friend in life:" returned Miss Pecksniff, with dignity, "is now bound up and cemented in Augustus. So long as Augustus is my own, I cannot want a friend. When you speak of friends, sir, I must beg, once for all, to refer you to Augustus. That is my impression of the religious ceremony in which I am so soon to take a part at that altar to which Augustus will conduct me. I bear no malice at any time, much less in a moment of triumph, towards any one; much less towards my sister. On the contrary, I congratulate her. If you didn't hear me say so, I am not to blame. And as I owe it to Augustus, to be punctual on an occasion when he may naturally be supposed to be—to be impatient—really, Mrs. Todgers!—I must beg your leave, Sir, to retire."

After these words the bridal bonnet disappeared; with as much state, as the dimity bedgown left in it.

Old Martin gave his arm to the younger sister without speaking; and led her out. Mrs. Todgers, with her holiday garments fluttering in the wind, accompanied them to the carriage, clung round Merry's neck at parting, and ran back to her own dingy house, crying the whole way. She had a lean lank body, Mrs. Todgers, but a well-conditioned soul within. Perhaps the Good Samaritan was lean and lank, and found it hard to live. Who knows!

Mr. Chuzzlewit followed her so closely with his eyes, that, until she had shut her own door, they did not encounter Mr. Tapley's face.

"Why, Mark!" he said, as soon as he observed it, "what's the matter!"

"The wonderfulest ewent, sir!" returned Mark, pumping at his voice in a most laborious manner, and hardly able to articulate with all his efforts. "A coincidence as never was equalled! I'm blessed if here aint two old neighbours of ourn, sir!"

"What neighbours!" cried old Martin, looking out of window. "Where!"

"I was a walkin' up and down not five yards from this spot," said Mr. Tapley, breathless, "and they come upon me like their own ghosts,

as I thought they was ! It's the wonderfulest ewent that ever happened. Bring a feather, somebody, and knock me down with it !"

"What do you mean !" exclaimed old Martin, quite as much excited by the spectacle of Mark's excitement, as that strange person was himself. "Neighbours where !"

"Here, sir !" replied Mr. Tapley. "Here in the city of London ! Here upon these very stones ! Here they are, sir ! Don't I know 'em ! Lord love their welcome faces, don't I know 'em !"

With which ejaculations Mr. Tapley not only pointed to a decent-looking man and woman standing by, but commenced embracing them alternately, over and over again, in Monument Yard.

"Neighbours, WHERE !" old Martin shouted : almost maddened by his ineffectual efforts to get out at the coach-door.

"Neighbours in America ! Neighbours in Eden !" cried Mark. "Neighbours in the swamp, neighbours in the bush, neighbours in the fever. Didn't she nurse us ! Didn't he help us ! Shouldn't we both have died without 'em ! Hav'n't they come a strugglin' back, without a single child for their consolation ! And talk to me of neighbours !"

Away he went again, in a perfectly wild state, hugging them, and skipping round them, and cutting in between them, as if he were performing some frantic and outlandish dance.

Mr. Chuzzlewit no sooner gathered who these people were, than he burst open the coach-door somehow or other, and came tumbling out among them ; and as if the lunacy of Mr. Tapley were contagious, he immediately began to shake hands too, and exhibit every demonstration of the liveliest joy.

"Get up behind !" he said. "Get up in the rumble. Come along with me ! Go you on the box, Mark. Home ! Home !"

"Home !" cried Mr. Tapley, seizing the old man's hand in a burst of enthusiasm. "Exactly my opinion, Sir. Home, for ever ! Excuse the liberty, Sir, I can't help it. Success to the Jolly Tapley ! There's nothin' in the house they sha'n't have for the askin' for, except a bill. Home to be sure ! Hurrah !"

Home they rolled accordingly, when he had got the old man in again, as fast as they could go ; Mark abating nothing of his fervor by the way, but allowing it to vent itself as unrestrainedly as if he had been on Salisbury Plain.

And now the wedding party began to assemble at Todgers's. Mr. Jinkins, the only boarder invited, was on the ground first. He wore a white favor in his button-hole, and a bran new extra super double-milled blue saxony dress coat (that was its description in the bill), with a variety of tortuous embellishments about the pockets, invented by the artist to do honour to the day. The miserable Augustus no longer felt strongly even on the subject of Jinkins. He hadn't strength of mind enough to do it. "Let him come !" he had said, in answer to Miss Pecksniff, when she urged the point. "Let him come ! He has ever been my rock ahead through life. 'Tis meet he should be there. Ha, ha ! Oh, yes ! let Jinkins come !"

Jinkins had come, with all the pleasure in life ; and there he was. For some few minutes he had no companion but the breakfast, which



was set forth in the drawing-room, with unusual taste and ceremony. But Mrs. Todgers soon joined him; and the bachelor cousin, the hairy young gentleman, and Mr. and Mrs. Spottletoe, arrived in quick succession.

Mr. Spottletoe honoured Jinkins with an encouraging bow. "Glad to know you, Sir," he said. "Give you joy!" Under the impression that Jinkins was the happy man.

Mr. Jinkins explained. He was merely doing the honours for his friend Moddle, who had ceased to reside in the house, and had not yet arrived.

"Not arrived, Sir!" exclaimed Spottletoe, in a great heat.

"Not yet," said Mr. Jinkins.

"Upon my soul!" cried Spottletoe. "He begins well! Upon my life and honour this young man begins well! But I should very much like to know how it is that every one who comes into contact with this family is guilty of some gross insult to it. Death! Not arrived yet. Not here to receive us!"

The nephew with the outline of a countenance, suggested that perhaps he had ordered a new pair of boots, and they hadn't come home.

"Don't talk to me of Boots, Sir!" retorted Spottletoe, with immense indignation. "He is bound to come here in his slippers then; he is bound to come here barefoot. Don't offer such a wretched and evasive plea to me on behalf of your friend, as Boots, Sir."

"He is not *my* friend," said the nephew. "I never saw him."

"Very well, Sir," returned the fiery Spottletoe. "Then don't talk to me."

The door was thrown open at this juncture, and Miss Pecksniff entered, tottering, and supported by her three bridesmaids. The strong-minded woman brought up the rear; having waited outside until now, for the purpose of spoiling the effect.

"How do you do, ma'am!" said Spottletoe to the strong-minded woman in a tone of defiance. "I believe you see Mrs. Spottletoe, Ma'am."

The strong-minded woman, with an air of great interest in Mrs. Spottletoe's health, regretted that she was not more easily seen. Nature erring, in that lady's case, upon the slim side.

"Mrs. Spottletoe is at least more easily seen than the bridegroom, Ma'am," returned that lady's husband. "That is, unless he has confined his attentions to any particular part or branch of this family, which would be quite in keeping with its usual proceedings."

"If you allude to me, Sir——" the strong-minded woman began.

"Pray," interposed Miss Pecksniff, "do not allow Augustus, at this awful moment of his life and mine, to be the means of disturbing that harmony which it is ever Augustus's and my wish to maintain. Augustus has not been introduced to any of my relations now present. He preferred not."

"Why, then, I venture to assert," cried Mr. Spottletoe, "that the man who aspires to join this family, and 'prefers not' to be introduced to its members, is an impertinent Puppy. That is my opinion of *him*!"

The strong-minded woman remarked with great suavity, that she was afraid he must be. Her three daughters observed aloud that it was "Shameful!"

"You do not know Augustus," said Miss Pecksniff, tearfully,

"indeed you do not know him. Augustus is all mildness and humility. Wait 'till you see Augustus, and I'm sure he will conciliate your affections."

"The question arises," said Spottletoe, folding his arms: "How long we are to wait. I am not accustomed to wait; that's the fact. And I want to know how long we are expected to wait."

"Mrs. Todgers!" said Charity, "Mr. Jenkins! I am afraid there must be some mistake. I think Augustus must have gone straight to the Altar!"

As such a thing was possible, and the church was close at hand, Mr. Jenkins ran off to see: accompanied by Mr. George Chuzzlewit the bachelor cousin, who preferred anything to the aggravation of sitting near the breakfast, without being able to eat it. But they came back with no other tidings than a familiar message from the clerk importing that if they wanted to be married that morning, they had better look sharp: as the curate wasn't going to wait there all day.

The bride was now alarmed; seriously alarmed. Good Heavens what could have happened! Augustus! Dear Augustus!

Mr. Jenkins volunteered to take a cab, and seek him at the newly-furnished house. The strong-minded woman administered comfort to Miss Pecksniff. "It was a specimen of what she had to expect. It would do her good. It would dispel the romance of the affair." The red-nosed daughters also administered the kindest comfort. "Perhaps he'd come," they said. The sketchy nephew hinted that he might have fallen off a bridge. The wrath of Mr. Spottletoe resisted all the entreaties of his wife. Everybody spoke at once, and Miss Pecksniff, with clasped hands, sought consolation everywhere and found it nowhere, when Jenkins having met the postman at the door, came back with a letter: which he put into her hand.

Miss Pecksniff opened it: glanced at it; uttered a piercing shriek; threw it down upon the ground: and fainted away.

They picked it up; and crowding round, and looking over one another's shoulders, read, in the words and dashes following, this communication:

"OFF GRAVESEND.

"CLIPPER SCHOONER, CUPID.

"Wednesday night.

"EVER INJURED MISS PECKSNIFF,

"Ere this reaches you, the undersigned will be—if not a corpse—on the way to Van Diemen's Land. Send not in pursuit. I never will be taken alive!

"The burden—300 tons per register—forgive, if in my distraction, I allude to the ship—on my mind—has been truly dreadful. Frequently—when you have sought to soothe my brow with kisses—has self-destruction flashed across me. Frequently—incredible as it may seem—have I abandoned the idea.

"I love another. She is another's. Everything appears to be somebody else's. Nothing in the world is mine—not even my Situation—which I have forfeited—by my rash conduct—in running away.



"If you ever loved me, hear my last appeal! The last appeal of a *miserable* and *blighted* exile. Forward the inclosed—it is the key of my desk—to the office—by hand. Please address to Bobbs and Cholberry—I mean to Chobbs and Bolberry—but my mind is totally unhinged. I left a penknife—with a buck-horn handle—in your work-box. It will repay the messenger. May it make him happier than ever it did me!

"Oh, Miss Pecksniff, why didn't you leave me alone! Was it not cruel, *cruel*! Oh, my goodness, have you not been a witness of my feelings—have you not seen them flowing from my eyes—did you not, yourself, reproach me with weeping more than usual on that dreadful night when last we met—in that house—where I once was peaceful—though blighted—in the society of Mrs. Todgers!

"But it was written—in the Talmud—that you should involve yourself in the *inscrutable* and *gloomy* Fate which it is my mission to accomplish, and which wreathes itself—e'en now—about my—temples. I will not reproach, for I have wronged you. May the Furniture make some amends!

"Farewell! Be the proud bride of a ducal coronet, and forget me! Long may it be before you know the anguish with which I now subscribe myself—amid the tempestuous howlings of the—sailors,

"Unalterably,

"Never yours,

"AUGUSTUS."

They thought as little of Miss Pecksniff, while they greedily perused this letter, as if she were the very last person on earth whom it concerned. But Miss Pecksniff really had fainted away. The bitterness of her mortification; the bitterness of having summoned witnesses, and such witnesses to behold it; the bitterness of knowing that the strong-minded woman and the red-nosed daughters towered triumphant in this hour of their anticipated overthrow; was too much to be borne. Miss Pecksniff had fainted away in earnest.

What sounds are these that fall so grandly on the ear! What darkening room is this!

And that mild figure seated at an organ, who is he? Ah Tom, dear Tom, old friend!

Thy head is prematurely grey, though Time has passed between thee and our old association, Tom. But in those sounds with which it is thy wont to bear the twilight company, the music of thy heart speaks out: the story of thy life relates itself.

Thy life is tranquil, calm, and happy, Tom. In the soft strain which ever and again comes stealing back upon the ear, the memory of thine old love may find a voice perhaps; but it is a pleasant, softened, whispering memory, like that in which we sometimes hold the dead, and does not pain or grieve thee, God be thanked!

Touch the notes lightly, Tom, as lightly as thou wilt, but never will thine hand fall half so lightly on that Instrument as on the head of thine old tyrant brought down very, very low; and never will it make as hollow a response to any touch of thine, as he does always.

For a drunken, begging, squalid-letter-writing man, called Pecksniff: with a shrewish daughter: haunts thee, Tom; and when he makes appeals to thee for cash, reminds thee that he built thy fortunes better than his own; and when he spends it, entertains the ale-house company, with tales of thine ingratitude and his munificence towards thee once upon a time; and then he shews his elbows worn in holes, and puts his soleless shoes up, on a bench, and begs his auditors look there; while thou art comfortably housed and clothed. All known to thee, and yet all borne with, Tom!

So, with a smile upon thy face, thou passest gently to another measure; to a quicker and more joyful one; and little feet are used to dance about thee at the sound; and bright young eyes to glance up into thine. And there is one slight creature, Tom—her child; not Ruth's—whom thine eyes follow in the romp and dance: who, wondering sometimes to see thee look so thoughtful, runs to climb up on thy knee, and put her cheek to thine: who loves thee, Tom, above the rest, if that can be: and falling sick once, chose thee for her nurse: and never knew impatience, Tom, when Thou wert by her side.

Thou glidest now, into a graver air: an air devoted to old friends and bygone times; and in thy lingering touch upon the keys, and the rich swelling of the mellow harmony, they rise before thee. The spirit of that old man dead, who delighted to anticipate thy wants, and never ceased to honour thee, is there, among the rest: repeating, with a face composed and calm, the words he said to thee upon his bed, and blessing thee!

And coming from a garden, Tom: bestrewn with flowers by children's hands: thy sister little Ruth, as light of foot and heart as in old days, sits down beside thee. From the Present, and the Past, with which she is so tenderly entwined in all thy thoughts, thy strain soars onward to the Future. As it resounds within thee and without, thy kindling face looks on her with a Love and Trust, that knows it cannot die. The noble music, rolling round her in a cloud of melody, shuts out the grosser prospect of an earthly parting, and uplifts her, Tom, to Heaven!

THE END.

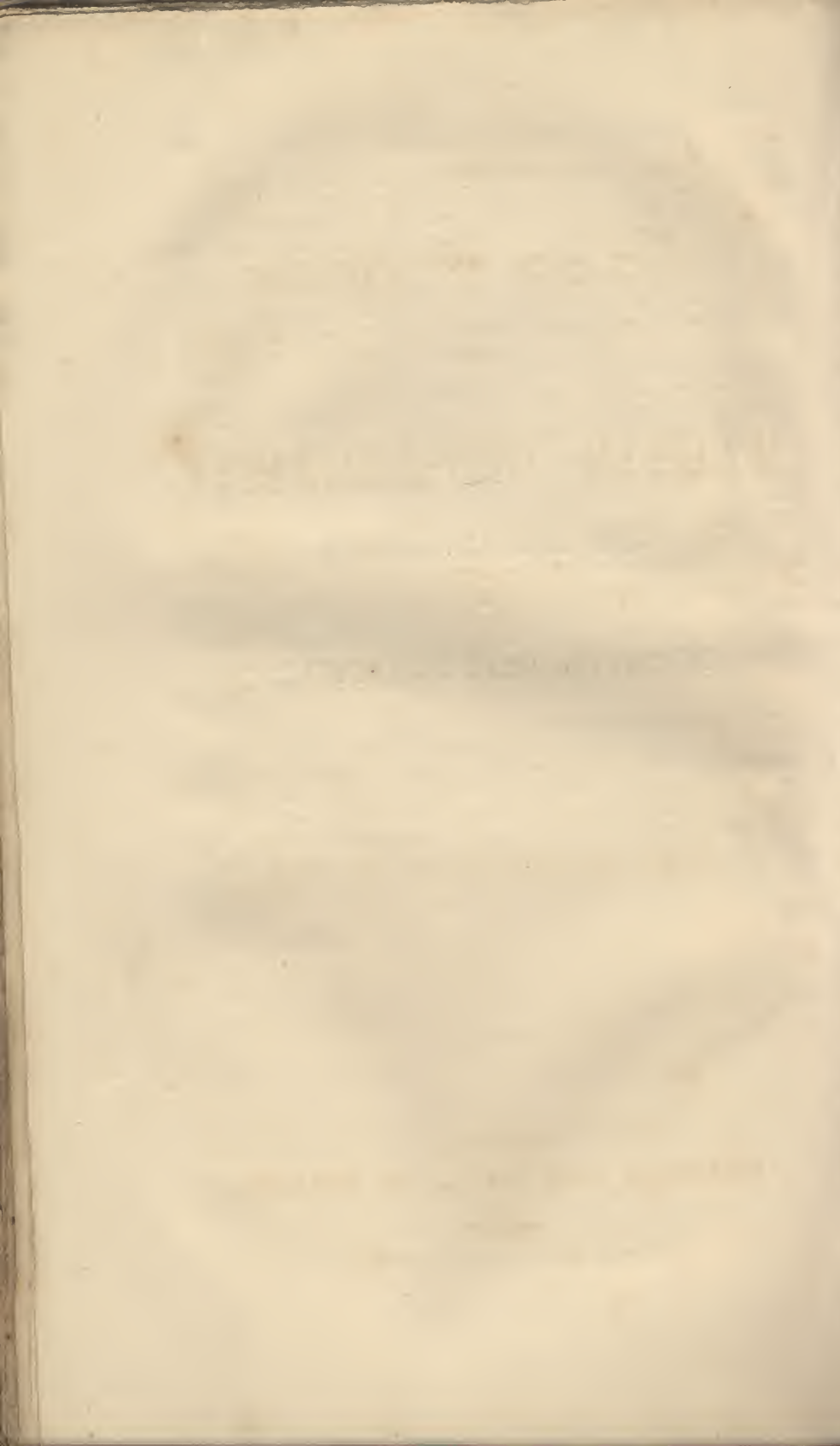
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LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.





THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

---

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ.

LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

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MDCCCXLIV.

LONDON :

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



TO

MISS BURDETT COUTTS,

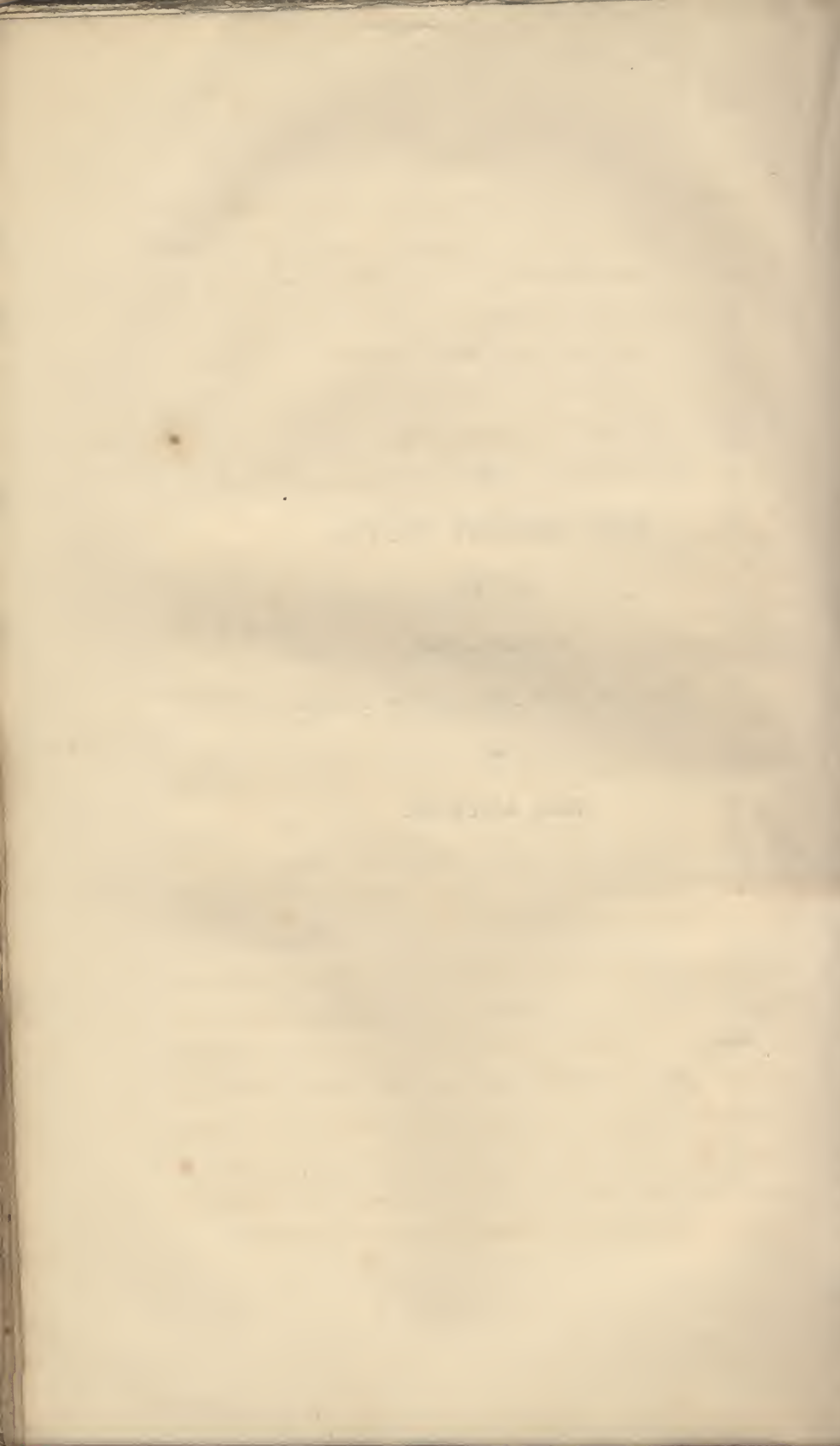
*This Tale*

IS DEDICATED,

WITH THE TRUE AND EARNEST REGARD

OF

THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E.

---

I ATTACH a few preliminary words to the *LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT* : more because I am unwilling to depart from any custom which has become endeared to me by having prevailed between myself and my readers on former occasions of the same kind, than because I have anything particular to say.

Like a troublesome guest who lingers in the Hall after he has taken leave, I cannot help loitering on the threshold of my book, though those two words, *THE END* : anticipated through twenty months, yet sorrowfully penned at last : stare at me, in capitals, from the printed page.

I set out, on this journey which is now concluded ; with the design of exhibiting, in various aspects, the commonest of all the vices. It is almost needless to add, that the commoner the folly or the crime which an author endeavours to illustrate, the greater is the risk he runs of being charged with exaggeration ; for, as no man ever yet recognised an imitation of himself, no man will admit the correctness of a sketch in which his own character is delineated, however faithfully.

But, although Mr. Pecksniff will by no means concede to me, that Mr. Pecksniff is natural; I am consoled by finding him keenly susceptible of the truthfulness of Mrs. Gamp. And though Mrs. Gamp considers her own portrait to be quite unlike, and altogether out of drawing; she recompenses me for the severity of her criticism on that failure, by awarding unbounded praise to the picture of Mrs. Prig.

I have endeavoured in the progress of this Tale, to resist the temptation of the current Monthly Number, and to keep a steadier eye upon the general purpose and design. With this object in view, I have put a strong constraint upon myself from time to time, in many places; and I hope the story is the better for it, now.

At any rate, if my readers have derived but half the pleasure and interest from its perusal, which its composition has afforded me, I have ample reason to be gratified. And if they part from any of my visionary friends, with the least tinge of that reluctance and regret which I feel in dismissing them; my success has been complete, indeed.

LONDON,  
*Twenty-fifth June, 1844.*



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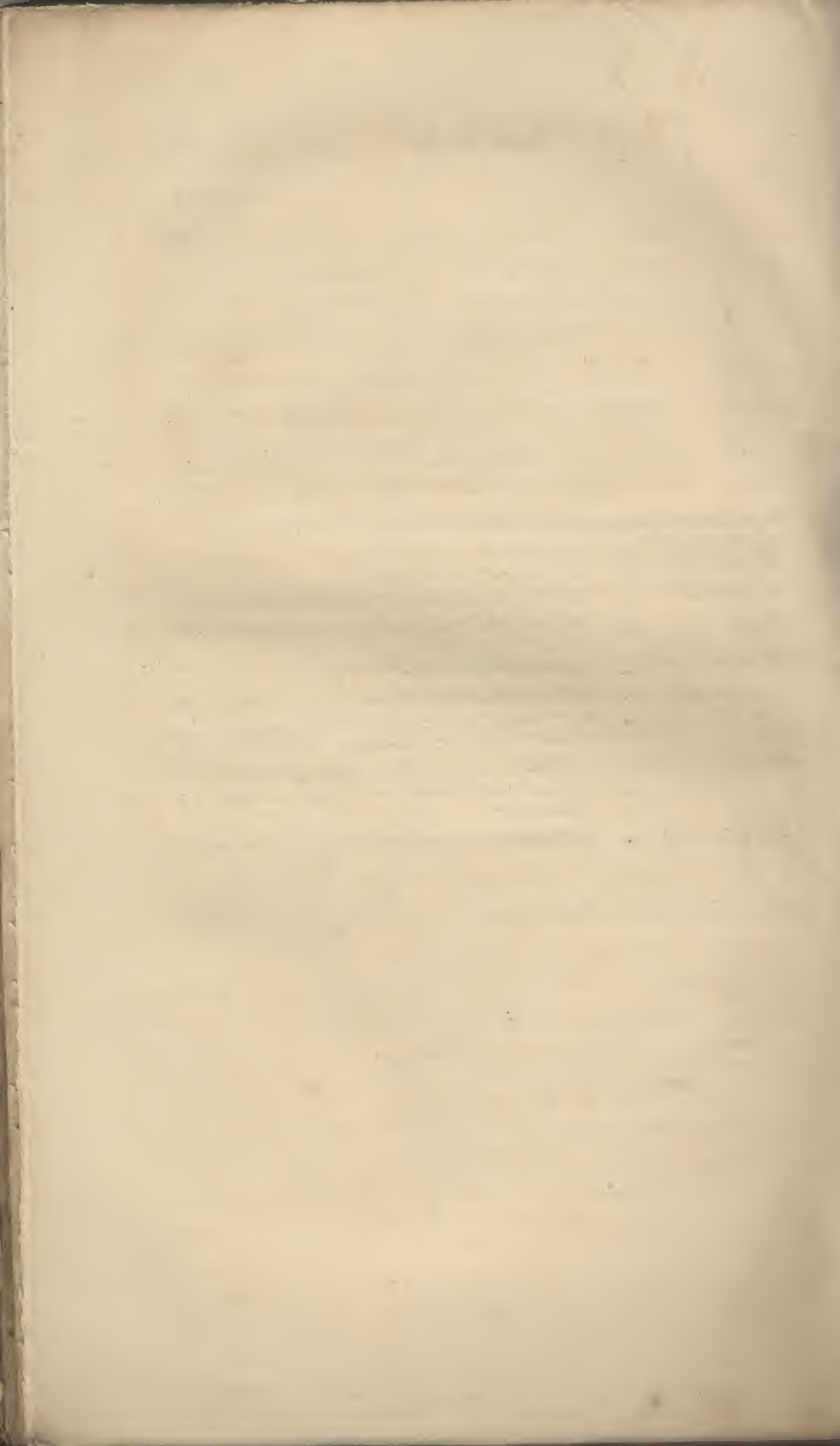
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## ERRATA.

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- Page 5, line 24 from top, strike out the parenthetical mark after " consequently."
- Page 6, line 17     ,,     for " buildings " *read* " building."
- Page 7, line 28     ,,     for " swagger," *read* " swaggerer."
- Page 11, line 7     ,,     for " of pocketing premiums," strike out " of."
- Page 49, line 40     ,,     for " she knew," *read* " he knew,"; for " she was right,"  
                              *read* " he was right."
- Page 108, line 27    ,,     after " table " insert " beer."
- Page 223, line 40    ,,     for " appeared," *read* " appealed."
- Page 297, line 41    ,,     for " foundst," *read* " foundest ;" for " wheezedst,"  
                              *read* " wheezed ;" bottom line, for " keptst," *read*  
                              " kept."
- Page 567, line 9     ,,     strike out the full stop after " his own," and before " I  
                              have been."
- Page 576, line 20    ,,     for " triumphed purpose," *read* " triumphant purpose."





# IMPROVEMENTS.

---

WE live in a most remarkable age. The ingenuity of man was perhaps never so manifested as it is at the present conjuncture. One improvement is started which is found to be but the forerunner of many introductions which astound the world by their utility, and benefit the community at large. The introduction of steam is a wonder in itself, which cannot fail to strike with admiring astonishment the mind of every reflective man. The various uses to which it is applied—the facility and gigantic force of its operations, are such as must astound minds the least reflective. This improvement has not only changed the navigation of the ocean, but has brought about such alterations in land-travelling as have rendered distance an inconsiderable thing. But we need not confine our observations to this branch of improvements. Every part of the busy world abounds with improvements equally deserving attention.

The various manufactures for which Great Britain has so long been signalised are living proofs that the spirit of improvement is extending its magic wand, and is bringing about a mighty renovation in the various works of art; a renovation which our forefathers never even dreamed of in their warmest and most visionary anticipations.

“First and foremost” among the modern improvements are those important introductions in the art of Tailoring for which

## E. MOSES AND SON

have become so eminently celebrated. Their extensive Establishment (154, Minories, and 86, Aldgate) may be viewed as a noble monument, attesting the achievements which the Proprietors have won in that cardinal branch of trade to which their Emporium is devoted.

The attention which E. Moses & Son have ever bestowed on the manufacture of Gentlemen's attire has resulted in the attainment of every possible improvement in the art. Not only does their clothing display superiority in the principal features of Tailoring, but it is characterised by additional elegance and utility in those minor points which are too often lost sight of. In the formation of a Gentleman's garment much is requisite. The particular adaptation to the figure; the grace, ease, and fashion of its style; the comfort of the wearer; together with many other features, are all especially called for in the proper formation of attire. To these points E. MOSES & SON have devoted their utmost study, which has been crowned with the happiest success.

Having on several recent occasions drawn the attention of the public to their present

## SUMMER STOCK,

the proprietors may be spared a particular mention on the present occasion. But they cannot altogether omit in this advertisement, an allusion to the general superiority of their *Summer Clothing*. E. MOSES and SON have repeatedly stated, that they endeavour to make each year the rival of its predecessor. Their success in this respect, has at no time been more apparent, than at the present season. The description of their present summer clothing may be judged of from the thousands who have flocked to their Establishment to purchase their articles of dress. Gentlemen of the most respectable rank have proved that E. MOSES & SON are without rivals in the manufacture of attire. These are not statements which need corroboration. The

## 2 *E. Moses & Son, Tailors, Woollen Drapers, & Outfitters.*

public have an opportunity of testing their correctness by actual inspection. Having an opportunity of availing themselves of the best markets in cloths, and employing as they do, such hands (and such hands only) as may be depended upon for superiority of workmanship, the proprietors are enabled to furnish the public with articles of dress altogether unequalled. They would again invite attention to their stock of

**BLOUSES AND SUMMER COATS,**  
which display, in an especial manner, that marked superiority so essential in the fabrication of

### **GENTLEMEN'S COSTUME.**

The elegance of these portions of attire is such as to afford the highest satisfaction, and when the prices at which they are sold are taken into consideration, the public have every inducement to make an immediate inspection.


Let it not be supposed, however, that because the Proprietors have made particular mention of these garments that the other portions of their clothing are less deserving of notice. The Dress Coats, Frock Coats, Vests, Trousers, Youth's Attire, &c. &c., which E. Moses and Son have on sale will be found to comprise improvements not to be met with at any other house.

The recent purchases which the Proprietors have made of elegant and novel patterns for Trouserings, and silks, satins, &c. for Vestings, must necessarily distinguish their present Stock as one of the most superior description. Nothing has been omitted that could in any way contribute to the fashion, utility, and general excellence of their articles of clothing; and gentlemen cannot do better than respond to this advertisement, and make a trial of the garments to which the Proprietors have referred. Every attention will be bestowed, and nothing lost sight of that can render the house of E. MOSES & SON the most advantageous Establishment in the World.

---

**E. MOSES AND SON,**  
*Tailors, Drapers, and Outfitters,*  
**154, Minories, and 86, Aldgate,**  
CITY (OPPOSITE THE CHURCH).

---

 The Price of every article is marked in Plain Figures, from which no abatement can be made. Any article, not approved of, exchanged; or, if preferred, *the money returned.*

N.B. To prevent disappointment, please to observe that this Establishment closes at Sunset on Friday Evenings, resuming business after Sunset on Saturday Evenings until Twelve o'clock.

**OBSERVE THE CAUTION!**—E. MOSES AND SON are obliged to guard the Public against Imposition, having learned that the *un-tradesman-like falsehood* of being connected with them, or "it's the same concern," has been resorted to in many instances, and for obvious reasons. They have **NO CONNEXION** with any other house, and those who desire *genuine and cheap* Clothing should (to prevent disappointment, &c.) call at, or send to 154, Minories, or 86, Aldgate, City, London.



## BESPOKE DEPARTMENT.

### DRESS COATS.

Super .....	1 12 0
Saxony .....	2 2 0
Imperial, usually called "best" .....	2 10 0
First and Best .....	2 15 0

### FROCK COATS.

Superfine Frock Coat ..	1 12 0
Saxony ditto .....	2 2 0
Imperial ditto .....	2 10 0
Imperial Super Frock .....	2 15 0
Extra Imperial Saxony Best Manufactured ..	3 3 0

### SUMMER & OVER COATS.

Cashmere to Taglionis and Codringtons, } Silk Collar and Cuffs .... from	1 5 0
Cashmerette Codrington, lined through- out, with Silk Cuffs and Facings ....	1 10 0
Superior Tweeds, Silk Collar and Cuffs ..	1 0 0
Ditto Light Zephyrs, ditto .....	1 5 0
Waterproof ditto, Velvet Collar & Cuffs ..	1 10 0

### TROUSERS.

Doeskin .....	0 10 0
Superior ditto .....	0 16 0
Ditto best Quality .....	1 1 0
Cassimere ditto .....	0 15 0
Ditto Best Black dress .....	1 6 0
Dress Linen Drill Trousers .....	0 9 0
Elegant Patterns in Single Does .....	0 14 0
Cotton Cord breeches .....	0 8 0
Woollen ditto ditto .....	0 14 6
Cassimere, any color .....	0 15 0
Best ditto .....	1 2 0
Cassimere Galters .....	0 7 0

### WAISTCOATS.

Rich Washing Satins, warranted to retain } their colour .....	0 9 6
Splendid Summer Vests .....	0 7 0
Ditto, three for .....	1 0 0
Splendid Satin Vests .....	0 11 0
Or three for .....	1 10 0
Cassimere ditto .....	0 8 0
Fine ditto ..	0 9 6
Genoa Velvet .....	0 18 6

### CLOAKS.

Plain Cloth Cloak .... from	1 3 0
Opera ditto .....	1 15 0
Blue Military Spanish .....	2 8 0
Best Superfine ditto .....	3 3 0
Waterproof Camlets, &c. &c., proportionably low.	

### Russians, or Fur Coats, From £2 2s.

### LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

Summer Cloth Habits, with $\frac{1}{2}$ train .. from	2 0 0
Ditto Cashmere .....	2 15 0
Superior Cloth do. do. ....	3 10 0
Extra do. do. do. ....	4 10 0

### BOYS' CLOTHES.

Hussar Suit .....	1 8 0
Ditto superior quality ..	1 15 0
Tunic Suit, handsomely braided ..	1 10 0
Do. superior quality, faced with Silk ....	1 18 0

## YEARLY CONTRACTS.

#### BEST QUALITY MADE.

Two Suits Best Wool-dyed West of England	8 0 0
Three ditto ditto .....	12 0 0
Four ditto ditto .....	15 15 0

#### SECOND OR SUPER.

Two Suits any colour .....	6 10 0
Three ditto .....	9 10 0
Four ditto .....	12 10 0

## LIVERIES.

#### PAGES.

Cloth Suit .....	1 7 0
Refine do. ....	1 10 0
Super do. ....	1 19 0

#### GROOMS.

Refine Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c. ....	3 0 0
---------------------------------------	-------

#### COACHMEN.

Refine Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c. ....	3 6 0
Super ditto .....	3 10 6

#### FOOTMEN.

Refine Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c. ....	2 15 0
Super ditto ..	3 5 0

#### GAMEKEEPERS.

Shooting Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c. ....	1 6 0
Super ditto .....	1 14 0
Very Best do. Manufactured .....	2 5 0

#### SUNDRIES.

Coachman's Plain Great Coat .....	2 6 0
Superior Quality .....	2 18 0
Footman's Great Coat .....	2 4 0
Superior quality .....	2 14 0
Stable Suits .....	from 0 18 0
Round Waiting Jacket .....	0 5 0
Ditto do. Coatees ..	0 11 6

## NAVAL, MILITARY, AND INDIA UNIFORMS.

Goods not approved of may be exchanged, or (if preferred) the money will be returned without any objection.



To prevent disappointment, please to observe that our Establishment is closed, from Sunset Friday Evening until Sunset Saturday Evening, when business is resumed until 12 o'clock.

# READY-MADE DEPARTMENT.

## SUMMER COATS.

Jeau, Holland, Grand Drill, Diagonal, &c. .... from	0 2 3
Ditto superior quality .....	0 3 6
Ditto ditto .....	0 4 6
Superior Light Coat .....	0 11 6
Victoria ditto, expressly manufactured for them .....	0 5 6
York Wrapper .....	0 7 6
Ditto, a superior article, Silk Collar and Cuffs .....	0 9 6
Ditto ditto, lined throughout .....	0 11 6
Cashmerette Cloth Coat, a very light article, Velvet Collar and Cuffs .....	0 16 0
Anglo-Saxon cloth, Merinoes and Water-proof Tweed, an Exquisite, Gentlemanly and novel article (registered) .....	0 8 6

*Boys' Spring Coats in all the above patterns.*

## MEN'S WINTER COATS.

Pea Coat .....	from 0 9 0
American ditto .....	0 12 0
Blue Chesterfield, velvet trimmed .....	0 10 6
Ditto a better quality, Indigo dye .....	0 15 0
Ditto with Silk Velvet Collar & Cuffs, a very superior article .....	1 6 0
Arab ditto Velvet trimmed .....	0 14 0
Fashionable Blue Taglioni .....	0 9 6
Ditto a better quality edged, &c. ....	0 12 6
Ditto in every variety in plain and mixed Beavers with Velvet Collars, Cuffs, &c. }	0 18 0
Russian Peltoes, Silk Velvet Collars .....	1 5 0
Petersham Coats .....	0 15 0
Ditto Over ditto .....	0 17 6
Superfine double milled Cloth Great Coats	1 12 0
Extra fine ditto .....	2 2 0
Double Breasted Beaver Codrington .....	0 15 0
Ditto a superior article in every variety .....	1 0 0
York Wrapper in every colour and shade .....	0 16 0

## FOR MECHANICS.

(MEN.)

Jean Coats .....	from 0 5 6
Beaverteen ditto .....	0 8 0
Flannel Linsey Jackets .....	0 2 7
Beaverteen ditto .....	0 3 6
Moleskin ditto .....	0 5 6

## TROUSERS.

Fustian Trousers .....	from 0 1 10
Beaverteen ditto .....	0 3 0
Moleskin ditto .....	0 4 6
Superior ditto .....	0 5 6
Cloth-finished ditto, a better looking article	0 6 6
Plain and Fancy Cantoan ditto .....	0 5 0
Ditto Drill ditto .....	0 5 0
Plain and Fancy Gambroon .....	from 0 5 9
An endless variety of Plain and Fancy Winter and Summer Trousers, which defy description .....	0 5 0

## BOYS' CLOTHES.

Tunic Suit, neatly braided .....	from 0 16 0
Ditto, a superior quality .....	1 1 0
Hussar Suit, consisting of Jacket, Vest and Trousers .....	0 17 0
Ditto, a superior quality .....	1 1 0

## SPORTING COATS, at 8s. 12s. 15s. & 25s.

## HATS, CAPS, &c.

Silk Hats .....	0 3 4
The very best <i>Chapeau Français</i> .....	0 9 6
Men's excellent Beavers, from 4s. 6d. to ..	0 7 0
Short nap ditto, very fine, from 9s. 6d. to ..	0 11 6

## DRESS COATS.

Dress Coat .....	from 1 0 0
Extra ditto .....	1 8 0
Extra Superfine, a most superior coat .....	1 15 0

## FROCK COATS.

Capital Frock .....	from 1 4 0
Extra Fine .....	1 12 0
Extra Super, a splendid Coat .....	1 19 0

## WAISTCOATS.

Roll Collar .....	from 0 1 9
Ditto with removable gilt studs .....	0 2 9
Fashionable Buff Valencia .....	0 3 9
Do. London Printed, elegant patterns .....	0 4 0
Do. Scarlet Lastings .....	0 3 0
Do. do. Figured Valchela and Toillinettes .....	0 2 6
Splendid Persian .....	0 5 0
Rich French Thibets .....	0 9 0
Rich Silk Vests .....	0 6 0
Do. Splendid Satin, of novel color & design	0 8 6
Do. Rich Silk Velvet .....	0 12 0
Do. do. Plush, &c. ....	0 13 0
Do. Black Cloth .....	0 4 0
Do. do. Cassimere .....	0 6 6

## TROUSERS.

Black Cloth .....	from 0 9 0
Any color .....	0 9 0
Superior ditto .....	0 14 0
Doeskin ditto .....	0 10 0
Bucksin in every variety .....	0 9 0
Plaid and Striped Cassimere .....	0 12 0
Woollen Tweed lined to bottom .....	0 4 6
A Superior article, strongly recommended	0 7 0
Light Summer Trousers .....	0 4 6

## BOYS' WINTER COATS.

Taglioni .....	from 0 6 0
Chesterfield .....	0 7 0
York Wrapper .....	0 10 0

## FOR MECHANICS.

(BOYS.)

Jean Jackets .....	from 0 2 3
Beaverteen ditto .....	0 2 9
Moleskin ditto .....	0 3 3
Cord ditto .....	0 3 6
Cloth ditto .....	0 8 6

## SUITS.

Moleskin Suits .....	from 0 3 9
Cord ditto .....	0 4 0
Geneva Twill Cord do. ....	0 5 6
Do. Hussar do. Jacket, Vest and Trousers	0 9 0

## TROUSERS.

Fustian Trousers .....	from 0 1 3
Ditto, lined .....	0 2 0
Cord ditto .....	0 2 9
Fancy ditto, in endless variety .....	0 3 6
Cloth ditto, lined .....	0 8 0
Cloth and Figured Woollen .....	0 6 6

## MOURNING.

A Suit of Mourning, Coat, Vest, & Trousers	1 16 0
Super do. do. ....	2 2 0
Best do. do. ....	2 12 0
Boys' do. do. ....	1 1 0
Do. Superior Quality .....	1 6 0

**IMPORTANT!**—The Price of every Article is marked in plain figures, from which no abatement can be made.

**Observe.—E. MOSES & SON, 154, Minories, and 86, Aldgate London.**



# THE RISING WONDER.

"Aut Cæsar, aut Nullus."

## A PICTURE

OF



**HAIR CUTTING SALOON,**  
47, Fenchurch Street, London.

**PROFESSOR BROWNE'S**  
(CELEBRATED & UNIQUE)

### A Word to 'HEADS' of Families, &c.

(BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.)

In presenting the Public with the following sketch of his Premises and Business, F. BROWNE is solicitous not only to convey a proper idea of his Profession, but at the same time to afford, in an humble manner, a source of agreeable interest, which may, perhaps, induce many to read the succeeding pages, instead of casting them aside as undeserving their attention and perusal.

As may be judged from the above 'head'-ing, the Profession of F. BROWNE is principally connected with the 'head.' This, in fact, is the 'head and front' of the Proprietor's business. The careful study which F. BROWNE has at all times bestowed in arranging and improving the human hair, has thrown an (h)air of importance over his practice in the art, and has 'crowned' him with unlimited success.

The celebrity of F. BROWNE has extended from 'Poll to Poll,' and indeed he may now be said to be at the 'head' of his Profession.—'GREEN,' in navigating the 'air' with his balloon, did not attain a higher altitude than that to which 'BROWN(e)' has been elevated in attending to 'h'air' of a rather different description. 'BROWN(e)' and 'GREEN,' however, are two different colors.—Let the Public understand that the Proprietor is no factious partizan; for, though he is intimately connected with the 'state of the WIGS,' he distinctly avows that he never meddles with the 'Whigs of the State.'

In conclusion, 'PROFESSOR' Browne assures the Public that his appeals will be found not mere 'PROFESSIONS.' All such as may be desirous of a 'change of hair,' cannot do better than wait upon the Proprietor, who has long been at the 'Head of the Poll' in public estimation.

## THE RISING WONDER?

A splendid Palace, fam'd in ev'ry part,

"THE RISING WONDER" in the world of art;

Where fashion, taste, and elegance are seen

Brighter, by far, than they have ever been.

F. BROWNE, in presenting his readers with a few lines descriptive of his Establishment, would have it expressly understood that, without the accompaniment of other claims, he attaches not the slightest degree of importance to this. His only motive in dwelling at all on the subject, is to convey an adequate idea of the character of his house, and thereby to afford something like a guarantee for superior claims of the Business and Profession conducted at the Establishment.

The Premises of PROFESSOR BROWNE are situated on the south side of FENCHURCH STREET, IN THE CITY OF LONDON; and so prominently attractive is the general exterior of the house, that thousands who pass and repass through that crowded thoroughfare, are irresistibly arrested in their progress by the attractive appearance of the Establishment. Superior as are the various houses of trade in the 'Great Metropolis,' that of F. BROWNE is such

as to rank with those of the highest character: and when the observer reflects on the stupendous additions to his Establishment, and the improvements displayed in the Perruquen Art, he himself will acquiesce in the appropriateness of the term '*Rising Wonder*' as its title. But that which is most calculated to delight the eye, is the internal arrangement of the Premises. The lower front compartment of the house is appropriately fitted for the display and sale of every description of fancy Toiletry. The stranger, on entering, will behold one of the most beautiful specimens of geology in a massive counter, which has been seen and admired by several of the most distinguished foreigners that have visited this country of late; indeed, so much praise has been bestowed on this geological specimen, that in the words of the poet—

"The King beheld, with wonder and delight,

When such a striking object met his sight.

But with what pleasure would his eyes have glow'd,

With this attraction in his *own* abode!"

Such persons as may feel disposed to gratify their curiosity may do so at their pleasure, and the Proprietor will in every other respect meet the wishes of those who may honor him with a visit.



# INTERIOR OF SHOP.



## PROFESSOR BROWNE'S UNIQUE HAIR CUTTING SALOON.



## THE SALOON,

Which is on the ground floor at the back of the Shop, is alike deserving of the attention of the curious. Its various accommodations are such as have elicited attestations of universal approval from Gentlemen visiting the Establishment; and as such information may be looked for by the reader, preparatory to making a call, F. BROWNE would allude somewhat minutely to the accommodations in question. Fully aware of the importance of *order, regularity, and general respectability*, at an Establishment in the heart of the metropolis, the Proprietor begs distinctly and emphatically to state that he makes it a point to avoid, carefully, all those *irregularities and improprieties* which would soon lower his Establishment in the eyes of his Patrons.

The general knowledge and practical experience which **PROFESSOR BROWNE** has so long possessed, affords him the ability of selecting such Assistants only as can render the fullest satisfaction in cutting and dressing the Hair. There is not a person on the premises that is not fully qualified in *taste, skill, and facility*, to please all such as may favor the Proprietor with their support.

The number of Assistants which F. BROWNE has always at command, prevents anything like delay in attending to Gentlemen's directions; and those froward incivilities so repulsive to the respectable portion of the community, are expressly forbidden by the Proprietor, so that Gentlemen may have their directions attended to, unmolested by the servants of the Establishment.

Another advantage worthy of mention, is the fact that there are, in constant use, more than *one hundred dozen* of superior Hair-Brushes; so that when a brush is *once* used, it is immediately cast aside, and is not suffered again to make its appearance until it has undergone a thorough washing.—This will be

duly estimated by the Public. In addition to this, a clean Towel is supplied to each person, and is not again used in the Saloon till washed as before. There is also a marble Wash-stand, with an abundant supply of hot and cold water.—The 'Botanic Wash,' so celebrated in cleansing and beautifying the Hair, is likewise allowed in plentiful use. Another object which merits attention is a superior

### WEIGHING CHAIR,

and Gentlemen wishing to avail themselves of this accommodation, are attended by a person who will save them all trouble in ascertaining their exact weight.

Besides this, there is

### A STANDARD FOR REASONING,

and a Book of Entry, in which Gentlemen may make a note of their weight, thereby enabling them to compare the same one time with another.

**NO EXTRA CHARGE!!**

The above accommodations, together with the splendid Mirrors, &c. are such as have drawn the attention of thousands of individuals in and about the metropolis; and with the additions and improvements which are daily being introduced, must stamp the Establishment of Professor BROWNE as

The "Toilet of the World."

In the upper part of the Premises, are several apartments; the one for the measurement, inspection, and fitting-on of Gentlemen's Wigs, and the others for the exclusive use of ladies.



PROFESSOR BROWNE'S

VENTILATING INVISIBLE PERUKE

So closely resembles the

Real Head of Hair,

That Sceptics and Connoisseurs have pronounced it the most perfect and extraordinary invention of the day.

The great advantage of this novel and unique Peruke is, its being made without sewing or weaving, causes its appearance so closely to resemble the natural Hair, both in lightness and natural appearance, as to defy detection ; its texture being so beautiful, so porous, and so free, that in all cases of perspiration, evaporation is unimpeded, and the great evils of all other Perukes entirely avoided. The Sceptic and Connoisseur are alike invited to inspect this novel and beautiful Peruke, and the peculiar method of fitting the head, at

THE SOLE INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER'S,

F. BROWNE,

47, FENCHURCH STREET,

Between Mark Lane and Mincing Lane.

F. BROWNE'S

MODE

MEASURING

THE HEAD!



Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving Ears loose	As dotted 1 to 1.	Ins. 18ths
From the forehead over to pole, as depicted each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.	
From one temple to the other, across the Head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.	
From one ear to the other, across the forehead close down to the joint level with the Whisker	As marked 4 to 4.	

FOR SCALPS, OR PARTIAL BALDNESS.

From the Front as far forward as required, to where the Hair grows

From one side to the other across the Forehead as far as the Baldness extends, or as much lower as may be required.

Across the Crown or rise of the Head



As dotted 1 to 1	Ins.	18ths
As marked		
..... 2		
As marked		
..... 3		

# THE WIG AND THE HEAD

(A Dialogue.)

Two Friends met together—the 'Wig' and the 'Head'—  
And thus they convers'd for I heard what they said;  
"I say, Master 'Wig,' be so good as to tell  
How it is that you happen to suit me so well?  
But I never was suited to wigs on my pate,  
I have long been accustomed to wigs of late.  
Sometimes, when in company thickly surrounded,  
I have had a mishap, which has sadly confounded:  
For my wig has popp'd off amid titters and laughter,  
Till I've really been puzzled, Sir, what to be after.  
Whenever I've worn them, they've never been right;  
They have fitted too loosely, or fitted too tight.  
With regard to their *utility*, much might be said,  
For really they've stopt up the pores of my head;  
Or else they've so heated my head and my brain,  
That the drops have descended exactly like rain:  
And then, when the damp from the skin they have drunk,  
I have found them deplorably shrivel'd and shrunk.  
Now, there's none of this nonsense with you, Master 'Wig'—  
You never have caused me to run such a rig.  
In every respect you have acted most proper.  
And behaved, Sir, exceedingly well to my 'topper.'  
Then pray, Master 'Wig,' be so good as to tell  
How it is that you happen to suit me so well."  
"Wig" waited with patience, till 'Head' had concluded,  
Then took up the points to which 'Head' had alluded—  
Quoth he, "Master 'Head,' you must thank Mr. BROWNE  
For my excellent manner in fitting your crown.  
The 'Wig'—and 'Perukes,' which are purchas'd of him,  
At all times appear in an excellent trim.  
BROWNE always acquaints us, on leaving his shop,  
With the method of suiting a Gentleman's 'top.'  
And whenever he sells us, he bids us take care  
To imitate, strictly, the NATURAL HAIR!  
He never forgets, in his valued monition,  
Our keeping the head in a healthy condition.  
And thus, Master 'Head,' I've endeavour'd to tell  
How it is that I happen to suit you so well."



2



1



4



3

Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, represent Gentleman's Wigs. The charge for either style is from 20s. to 40s. including the hair. The price is according to the quality of the material. It is put in a Wig as it is made at 10s. 6d.



# LADIES' TOUPETS, &c.

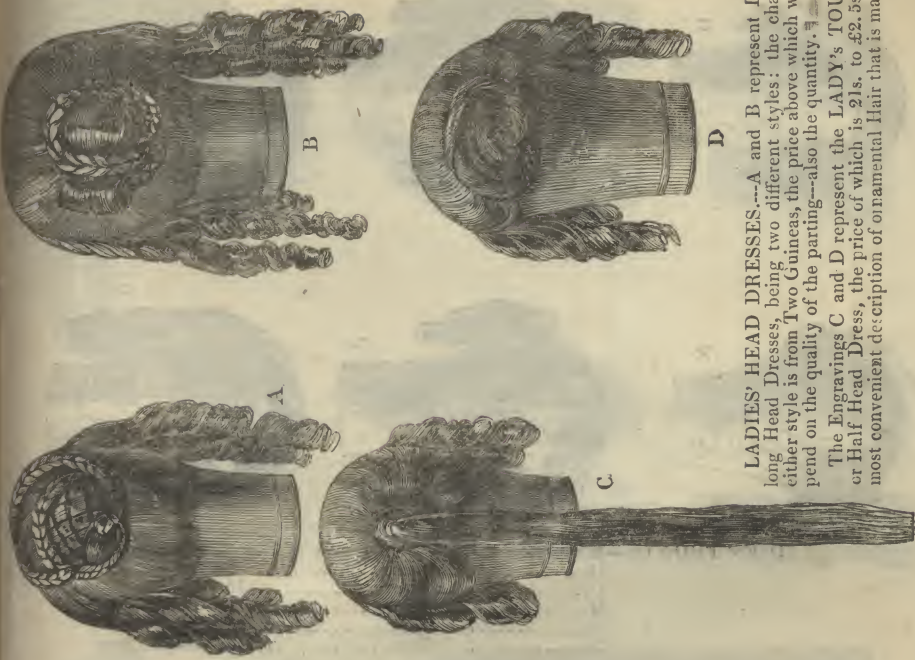
The natural grace and adornment of these,  
 Can't fail to delight, but are certain to please.  
 No sooner, in fact, are they worn by the fair,  
 Than at once they out rival the natural Hair.  
 'Tis surprising to notice how much they adorn  
 A Lady's appearance, the instant they're worn!  
 If a fair-one is seen at a play or a ball,  
 Such ' Fronts ' are admired by each and by all;  
 And if the good Lady should chance to be *single*,  
 She'll shortly be hail'd by the *marriage-bells' jingle*!

The peculiar grace and beauty which attend a Lady's Hair in a natural state. are such as to require much to supply their place. Nothing but what is tastefully and neatly designed, could ever possess sufficient attractions for the adoption of a Lady. These requisite qualities are especially combined in the

## TOUPETS, which can be worn without Caps,

to which F. BROWNE invites the especial attention of Ladies. Those well able to form a critical opinion, have pronounced them to be *unrivalled*, as *fashionable, beautiful, neat and natural approximations to the human Hair!*

\*\* See Engravings and accompanying notes.



LADIES' HEAD DRESSES.---A and B represent Ladies' long Head Dresses, being two different styles: the charge in either style is from Two Guineas, the price above which will depend on the quality of the parting---also the quantity.

The Engravings C and D represent the LADY'S TOUPET, or Half Head Dress, the price of which is 2ls. to £2.5s.: the most convenient description of ornamental Hair that is made.



O



Q



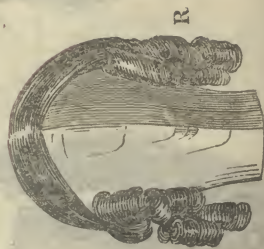
S



N



P



R

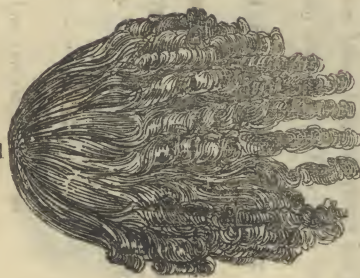
LADIES' FRONTS.---N represents a Lady's Front made of Hair 8 inches long.

O.....	ditto .....	9	ditto.
P.....	ditto .....	10	ditto.
Q.....	ditto .....	11	ditto.
R.....	ditto .....	12	ditto.
S.....	ditto .....	13	ditto.

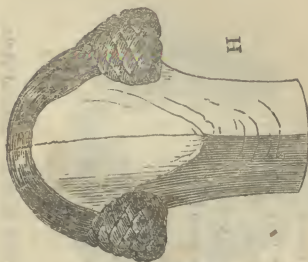
F



E



H



G

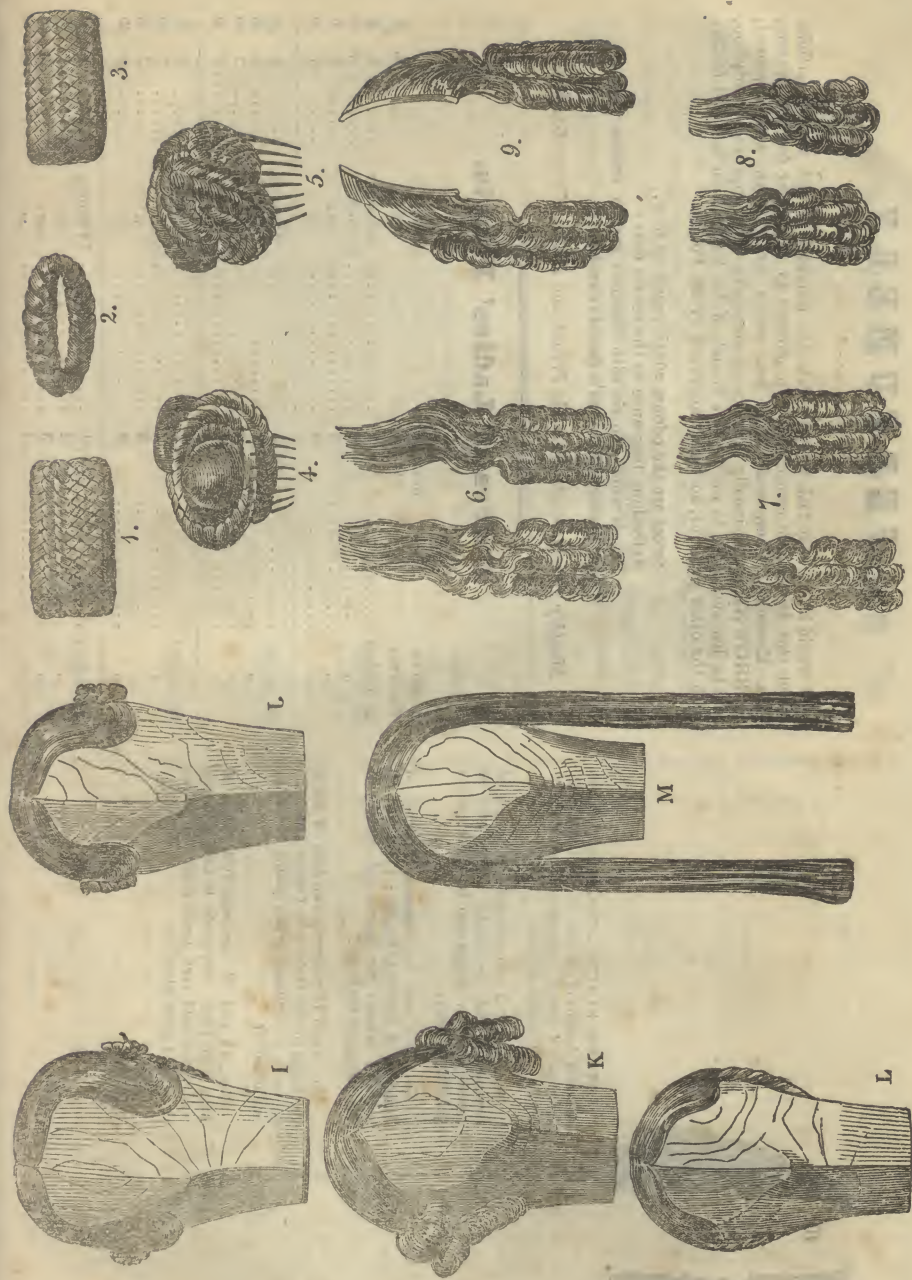


E and F represent two Ladies Crop Head Dresses; the price from 30s.: the higher price according to length and quality of Parting.

G represents a Lady's Front, with Cap: the Hair 13 inches long.

H represents a Lady's Plaited Band.





I and J represent two different styles of Ladies' Bands.

K represents a Banded Front with Curls: can be made to any depth of parting.

L represents the Widow's Band.

M represents a Lady's Front made with long straight Hair, left loose to enable the wearer to form it in any design, according to fancy.

# PERFUMERY

It would be no easy task to enumerate the numberless and various articles which this department comprises. In addition to the many fragrant Waters, Oils, Essences, Compounds, &c. &c. which are known and approved, F. BROWNE is continually introducing something of an improved description, and he has succeeded in raising this branch of his business on an equal footing with the other portions, so highly approved by the Public.

Sweet are the odours which regale us here,  
Refreshing fragrance to the senses dear :  
Scents which can vie with Nature's garden sweets,  
Or breezes in Arabia's fam'd retreats,

*Monthly Consignments from the French and Italian Flower Gardens.*

## Prices of Ladies' Fronts.

DEPTH OF PARTING.	QUALITY OF PARTING.	LENGTH OF HAIR.	s.	d.
2 1/2 inches	No. 1	8 inches	.....	5 6
"	2	"	.....	6 0
"	3	"	.....	6 6
"	4	"	.....	7 0
2 1/2 inches	No. 1	9 inches	.....	6 0
"	2	"	.....	6 6
"	3	"	.....	7 0
"	4	"	.....	7 6
2 1/2 inches	No. 1	10 inches	.....	6 6
"	2	"	.....	7 0
"	3	"	.....	7 6
"	4	"	.....	8 0
2 1/2 inches	No. 1	11 inches	.....	7 0
"	2	"	.....	7 6
"	3	"	.....	8 0
"	4	"	.....	8 6

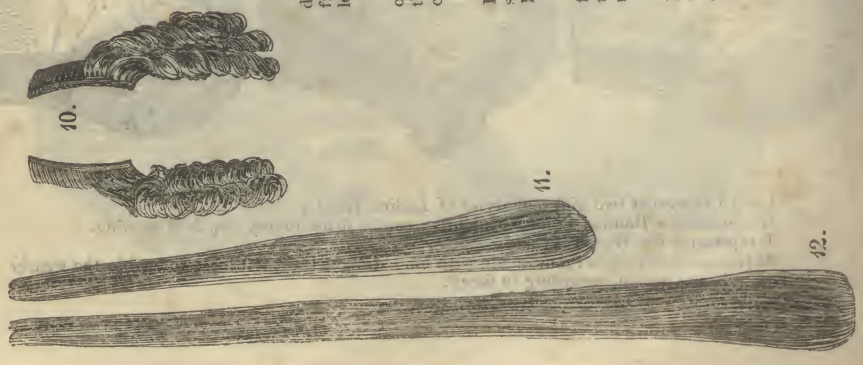
LADIES' PLAITS.—Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are different designs of Plaits for the back Hair, from 6s. 6d each: higher prices according to length and weight of Hair.

Nos. 4 and 5 are two different designs of ornamental Hair on Combs, for the back of the Head. Any design can be executed, according to fancy.

Nos. 6, 7 and 8, represent Bunches of Ringlets of different lengths; these are all sorts of prices: the length and quantity of Hair regulate the price.

Nos. 9 and 10 represent two Sets of Curls for fixing in the Hair, with Combs attached: the price is regulated by the quality of Combs made use of.

Nos. 11 and 12 represent two pieces of long straight Hair, very useful to Ladies having thin Hair, and very much made use of in dressing Ladies' Hair!





DEPTH OF PARTING.	QUALITY OF PARTING.	LENGTH OF HAIR.	s. d.	
			s.	d.
2½ inches	No. 1	9 inches	7	0
"	2	"	7	6
"	3	"	8	0
"	4	"	8	6
2½ inches	No. 1	10 inches	8	0
"	2	"	9	0
"	3	"	10	0
"	4	"	11	0
3 inches	No. 1	11 inches	9	0
"	2	"	10	0
"	3	"	11	0
"	4	"	12	0
3 inches	No. 1	12 inches	10	0
"	2	"	11	0
"	3	"	12	0
"	4	"	13	0
3½ inches	No. 1	13 inches	11	0
"	2	"	12	0
"	3	"	13	0
"	4	"	14	0

If deeper Partings or longer Hair be required, the extra charge will be according to the preceding *very low* Table of Prices. Ladies may place every confidence in having the very best material, the finest quality of Hair, and any color, at the prices named in the catalogue: they have only to send the pattern and length of hair, and depth of parting required, with the style according to the patterns in this book. Ladies visiting this Establishment will be much pleased at the variety of beautiful specimens of Ornamental Hair, not to be seen elsewhere.

DEPTH OF PARTING.	QUALITY OF PARTING.	LENGTH OF HAIR.	s. d.	
			s.	d.
2½ inches	No. 1	12 inches	7	6
"	2	"	8	0
"	3	"	8	6
"	4	"	9	0
2½ inches	No. 1	13 inches	8	0
"	2	"	8	6
"	3	"	9	0
"	4	"	9	6
3 inches	No. 1	8 inches	6	6
"	2	"	6	0
"	3	"	7	0
"	4	"	7	6
3 inches	No. 1	9 inches	6	6
"	2	"	7	0
"	3	"	7	6
"	4	"	8	0
3 inches	No. 1	10 inches	7	0
"	2	"	7	6
"	3	"	8	0
"	4	"	8	6
3 inches	No. 1	11 inches	7	6
"	2	"	8	0
"	3	"	8	6
"	4	"	9	0
3 inches	No. 1	12 inches	8	0
"	2	"	8	6
"	3	"	9	0
"	4	"	9	6
3 inches	No. 1	13 inches	8	6
"	2	"	9	0
"	3	"	9	6
"	4	"	10	0
3½ inches	No. 1	8 inches	6	6
"	2	"	7	0
"	3	"	7	6
"	4	"	8	0

F. BROWNE, 47, Fenchurch Street.

## BRUSHES.

Though a Brush is so needful in cleansing the Hair,  
A very good Brush is a thing very rare.  
There are *some* that excel all the rest in the Town—  
The wonderful Brushes invented by BROWNE!

### F. BROWNE'S CONCAVE SLANTING SCURF BRUSH.

The singular excellence of this well-approved invention, has stamped it as the most superior improvement that has yet been introduced. The materials of which it is formed, and the manner those materials are put together, render it incapable of any injury in washing and general use. It is so effective in ridding the Hair of all kinds of Scurf, that its use has been, and is still, a matter of surprise to all who have tested its quality and utility. Its durability is such, that the pair, though in constant use, *would last beyond even a long existence.* An inspection will at once satisfy as to the correctness of these statements.

Attend, my good folks, while I briefly unfurl  
An adventure of mine, with a sweet pretty girl.  
The lass I have chosen to shine as my theme,  
Was a nymph that a gentleman well might esteem.  
I lov'd her the very first time that I met her;  
But, alas! it was no easy matter to get her.  
I coax'd—I entreated—I simper'd—I smil'd;  
And when she refus'd me, I feign'd to go wild.  
I trimm'd up my manners, and dress'd in the fashion—  
Yet all was abortive in 'rousing a passion.

At length (when I fear'd I should surely "go dead,")  
I thought all at once of the 'Hair' of my Head.  
And my first lucky step, in adorning my crown,  
Was to purchase the 'SCURF BRUSH' invented by BROWNE.  
I had often heard tell of its qualities rare,  
In cleansing, and smoothing, and decking the Hair;  
And I thought if my Hair could be once made to curl,  
I should stand a good chance of this 'sweet little girl.'

Now 'tis nothing but just, if I candidly state  
That Professor BROWNE'S SCURF BRUSH did much for my pate.  
As soon as I tried it, it made such a clearance,  
That my Tresses presented another appearance:  
It cleans'd them, and smooth'd them, and made them so bright,  
That I really began to grow vain at the sight.  
Nay, it set off my locks on so charming a plan,  
That I took myself once, for another young man!  
This led me to hope that my lass would be shaken  
In her firm resolution—nor was I mistaken:—  
The instant she saw me, she ceas'd to look strange,  
And her countenance shew'd a felicitous change.

She smil'd with delight, as she gaz'd on my 'Hair,'  
And pronounced its appearance remarkably rare!  
From that happy day, she was graciously supple.  
And now we are bound—an affectionate couple!!

In addition to the above, F. BROWNE has every other description of Brush  
in numberless variety.

*Tooth Brushes, Nail Brushes, &c. &c. of a most superior quality.*



# THE TOILET GEM.

So efficacious are the wonderful virtues of this Preparation, that if a person felt inclined to anoint his or her Hands previously to retiring to rest, it becomes a question, whether such an individual, on awaking, would not be possessed of a pair of *warm winter Gloves*. But, as F. BROWNE has to do with the HEAD, he would merely answer for its influence in that exalted quarter.—Nothing certainly can be more beneficial to the Hair, than this choice Compound. Whether regarded as a restorative application, or a general improver of the Hair, the 'TOILET GEM' is a Preparation that has no rival, and consequently cannot be too highly estimated.

A Gent, one night, was trimming up his Hair  
In tasteful style, to meet his waiting 'fair ;'  
He comb'd and brush'd, and curl'd, and oil'd it too,  
As gentlemen with sweethearts mostly do ;  
When all at once (O ! melancholy sight !)  
The misplac'd candle caught his Hair a-light ;  
And as the fated locks were touch'd with oil,  
The flames with double fury did despoil.  
He rubb'd his Head, and ravis'd, and popp'd about,  
To stop the blaze—but could not put it out.  
The dreadful element had seiz'd his Hair,  
And left it not until his Head was bare :  
In wild distress, he hurried to the glass,  
And all that he could utter was 'alas !'  
His short, burnt Hair, a strange appearance gave,  
And made its wearer like a negro-slave.

"What shall I do (said he) I cannot wear  
The choicest *artificial* Head of Hair :  
My lady would be sure to know a Wig,—  
I cannot think of running such a 'rig.'  
But having told his friends, he heard from them,  
Of BROWNE's Invention call'd 'THE TOILET GEM.'  
He bought a bottle—rubb'd his cropless Head,  
Then putting on his nightcap, went to bed.  
The morning came—he hurried to the glass,  
To see what happy change had come to pass.  
A sudden start he gave, and then a stare—  
BROWNE's 'TOILET GEM' had quite restor'd his Hair !  
His features beam'd with pleasure and surprise ;  
In fact, he scarcely could believe his eyes :  
But there it was—a beauteous curling crop,  
Fit for a sample in a 'dresser's' shop.  
This 'curious story' I have noted down,  
And much it argues for Professor BROWNE.

## BOTANIC EXTRACT.

F. BROWNE begs to recommend to the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends, the newly-invented **ESSENTIAL BOTANIC EXTRACT**, which he assures them will be found far superior to all others, for quickly and effectually removing the Scurf from the Hair, promoting its growth, and giving it that healthy appearance so requisite to its beauty and well-being.—The wonderful effects produced by it, and the many obliging Testimonials he has received, warrant him in presuading thus to recommend its general use ; for where it has been applied, it has always succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations, and created the liveliest gratitude in those who have honored it by their preference.

## BROWNE'S IMPERIAL HAIR-DYE.

NATURE, beautiful and superior as she is, does not at all times display her charms, nor on all persons. Where in one instance she hangs her jetty locks, her auburn and her flaxen tresses, in another instance she is less beautiful, less playful, less adorning; and this (coupled with the withering changes of time) has led to the introduction of an artificial substitute, viz.—that of a DYE for the HAIR. But this application has in many instances been attended with a dull and unsightly roughness, unlike the natural softness of the Hair. In order to remedy this, F. BROWNE has prepared an IMPROVED HAIR-DYE! and has happily succeeded in obviating the defect alluded to. Persons therefore, may now assume any cast of Hair to which their fancy may lead, and thus improve the deficiency of nature, or amend the changes of time!

The Chamelon, whose colors alternately change, Has been view'd as a creature remarkably strange: But why should it be a phenomenon rare? We all may change color—at least in the Hair. And the truth of my statements at once you may try, By making a purchase of BROWNE'S famous DYE! If a person had told us, a century back, That the Hair might be chang'd into Auburn or Black, We, of course, should have thought him most sadly deceiv'd, And none of his statements should we have believ'd. This *desideratum*, however, is gain'd, And the Hair, without hurt, may be easily stained: And ladies and gents may with readiness get A beautiful crop of the loveliest 'jet.'

Such a useful invention deserves to be lauded, And cannot, indeed, be too highly applauded. The thing is so strange that it cannot but strike, For the Hair to be chang'd whosoever we like. When a lover is anxious his lady to please In the hue of his Hair, he may do so with ease: And, in truth, he would find he might always do so, If he even had 'two or three strings to his bow.' With ease could he suit the particular fancy Of Mary or Caroline, Emma or Nancy. Or, if he should chance to be walking with *two*, He need not be puzzled in what he should do:— One side of his crop he might color with *brown*, And *blacken* the *opposite* part of the crown! If persons have cause to appear in disguise, They have only to try one of BROWNE'S famous 'DYES.' Whatever defects may dishonor the Hair, This 'Hair-Dye' at once will the blemish repair: 'Twill give it a beauty—conceal ev'ry spot— And do for the Tresses what Nature will *not*!

## R A Z O R S !

One of the most valuable and needful requisitions to a Gentleman's Toilet, is a good Razor. The painful irritation which accompanies a faulty Razor, and the ease and pleasantness attending one of an opposite description, are sufficient to enhance the value of the latter. The extensive connexion which the Proprietor has so long enjoyed, has induced him to lose sight of nothing that could serve the ends of his supporters; and in no feature of his business is this more apparent, than in the make and quality of his Razors, which defy competition.



# F. BROWNE'S MAGIC MAGNET,

OR

## TALISMANIC RAZOR SHARPENER!

The most efficient and scientific phenomenon of the arts.

### BROWNE'S MAGIC MAGNET.

(Decision of three scientific Gentlemen.)

Three scientific Gentlemen, one day,  
Were having a discussion (so they say).  
The 'MAGIC MAGNET' of Professor BROWNE,  
Had caus'd a might stir throughout the town;  
And these three Gentlemen, 'Steel,' 'Hair,' and 'Skin,'  
Met, it appears, to bring a verdict in.  
The first attempt at eloquence was made  
By Mr. STEEL—a 'keen' and 'polish'd blade.'

"Well, friends, (said he) I think this new Invention  
Deserves a proud—an honorable mention.  
I've had to do with many a famous 'Strop,'  
Yet that of BROWNE, deserves to rank the top:  
It gives an edge with scarce a moment's toil,  
And never needs a single drop of oil.  
I find it whet me with *one gentle stroke*,  
Till, really, I could cut through solid oak."

This speech (which certainly was very clear)  
Was follow'd by a clap, and loud "hear, hear!"  
Then Mr. HAIR, whose fame seem'd very high,  
Was seen to 'bristle' up for a reply.

"I quite agree (said he) with Mr. STEEL—  
A Gentleman with whom I often deal.  
BROWNE's STROP, I'm sure, must win a vast renown,  
And realize "*sharp practice*" in the town,  
I've seen it—and decided in a minute—  
The 'MAGIC MAGNET' must have '*magic*' in it,"

"Hear, hear, (said Mr. SKIN—a man of '*feeling*')  
I *feel* the truth of what you've been revealing.  
BROWNE's MAGIC MAGNET is a STROP, (said he)  
Concerning which, we cannot disagree.  
I used to view a shave as some disaster,  
And dread it as I would a Doctor's plaister:  
For rash, and heat, and painful inflammation,  
Were certain to attend the operation.  
But now, I find that this is not the case—  
I scarcely feel the Razor on my face.  
This makes me think that BROWNE's superior STROP,  
T'o all the rest must put a final stop."

The Magnet Surface is capable of being used in the most correct manner, as a substitute for the Hone, as it does not require any oil or other fluids.

## MAGNET RAZOR PASTE.

However good may be the make and quality of a Razor, there is much required in giving it that smoothly-keen edge so highly essential in clean and pleasant shaving. The 'MAGNET PASTE,' which the Proprietor and Inventor has now to offer to the Public, is of so extraordinary a description, that a Razor may be brought to an exquisite keenness with the greatest possible ease; and when, in addition to this, its unheard-of cheapness is taken into consideration, it must be pronounced as the most useful invention of the kind ever yet introduced.

To shave with *safety, comfort, ease, and haste.*  
You've only to procure BROWNE'S 'MAGNET PASTE'--  
A choice invention that is sure to win  
The smiles of all who have a sprouting chin.  
It whets the Razor with an edge so small,  
You scarcely feel it, if you feel at all  
Nay (what is more), this 'paste' could give an edge  
To flint, or marble, or an iron wedge.  
And make a rusty hoop so very fine,  
That actually 't would shave a porcupine.  
And then, with equal ease, deprive of hair,  
A scrubbing brush, a badge, or a bear.  
BROWNE'S 'MAGNET PASTE' can sharpen up the wit  
Of any person that's in want of it.

And certainly we have not long to hunt  
For individuals both 'dull' and 'blunt.'  
When surgeons have to amputate a limb,  
F. BROWNE can aid them--let them go to him;  
His 'RAZOR PASTE' could polish up the steel  
So keenly, that the patient would not feel.  
I well remember having heard or read  
The head was severed with a single stroke;  
And, strange to say, the malefactor spoke;  
Though *sever'd*, still the head was on his shoulders,  
Astonishing the thunder-struck beholders.  
Nor did the offender miss his 'top' at all,  
Until by accident he saw it fall.  
I've often doubted such a thing, of course,  
But now I see the fact in all its force;  
I cease to marvel how the thing could be--  
'Twas 'Magnet Paste' which edged the axe, you see,  
And BROWNE has some how got the recipe!

## CONCUDING ADDRESS.

Nothing can be more satisfactory and gratifying to a tradesman, than the confident assurance that he is daily and hourly rising in the estimation of the Public.--This not only satisfies him that he has pursued the *right* course in trade, but it likewise proves to him that his way is clear for the future.

F. BROWNE is at a loss *adequately* to acknowledge the favors which he has received. The surprising success which has attended him in the Establishment which he has termed "**THE RISING WONDER**," is of such a character as he never expected, even in his most sanguine moments, to realize.--He heartily thanks the Public at large for such inestimable obligations; and he assures the whole of his supporters, that such gratifying attestations shall act as a stimulus to future endeavours. There is not a moment when the Proprietor does not endeavour to bring about some improvement connected with his business; and he flatters himself that the Public will have to realize the benefit of many advantages and improvements, which may serve as a return for the obligations which they have so lavishly bestowed on



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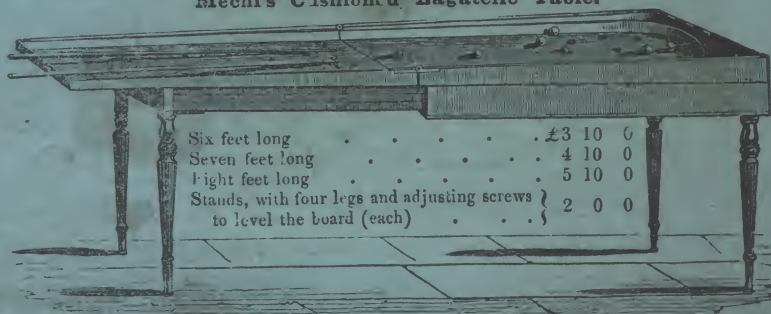
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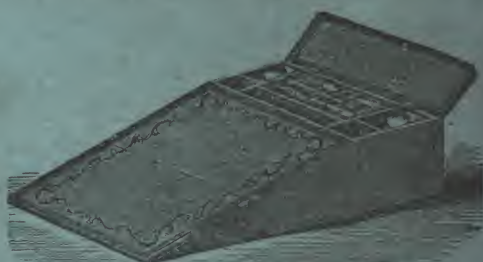


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